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ART. I.—*The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. A Literary and Political Biography, Addressed to the New Generation.* Svo. London : Richard Bentley. 1854.

THE world has been warned by the infallible oracle, and taught by the experience of successive generations, that those who use the sword will perish by the sword. But, shortly after the warning was delivered, Juvenal remarked how few tyrants died a bloodless death, and another poet even vindicated the retaliative law :

———— Nec lex est justior ulla,  
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

Mr. Disraeli is the Perillus of the present age. His cruel ingenuity has constructed many an artifice of torture, and of these he has been made the victim in the pages before us, which, whoever may be their author, have achieved the most total extinction of a public character which perhaps has ever been witnessed. Yet this partakes of none of that bitter vituperation with which the subject of it has visited all his political opponents in turn. It is marked throughout by dry, impartial justice, upon a political freebooter whose hand has been against every man. It exposes an unexampled degree of self sufficiency and selfishness. It convicts him of unstable principles, fluctuating opinions, and inconsistent policy, of inaccurate facts, and devious judgment. It records a life of self-seeking changefulness, unscrupulous ambition, a malignant persecution of those whose policy he adopted, and

whose course he followed, and records a conclusive overthrow brought on by that avenging Nemesis which he declared, on the retirement of Sir Robert Peel, sealed the catastrophe of a sinister administration.

It is unnecessary for us to adopt the definition of patriotism fulminated by Dr. Johnson: 'That it is the last refuge of a political scoundrel.' That dictum is marked by all the indiscriminating rancour of the Doctor's toryism, and it is unquestionable that many whose patriotism has assumed what we are inclined to regard as the normal form of that nominal and vaunted virtue—namely, a secondary and more expanded selfishness, have still been men as little chargeable with political scoundrelism as Dr. Johnson himself. Nor need we, on the other hand, commit ourselves to those extreme principles of Mr. Godwin, explained in his 'Political Justice,' which attach viciousness to all our partialities, whether they be the more private emotions of gratitude, or the more public sentiments of patriotism. We say that as far as Mr. Disraeli is concerned, it is unnecessary to discuss either of these theories, inasmuch as his absorbing love of self-aggrandizement, and his abnegation of all the claims of political intercourse, place him without the limits which are embraced by either of them. Moreover, this dissection of Mr. Disraeli before his death, is equally justified by the precedent of his own literary conduct. In his political novels he has exposed living public men, in a manner which makes their identification perfectly easy; and in doing so has used a licence which, on the questionable principle of retaliation, justifies any exposure of himself.

Mr. Disraeli's first appearance before the public is in the columns of a daily newspaper called the 'Representative,' which, during the few months of its existence, strove in vain, though at an enormous pecuniary expenditure, to establish itself as the Tory rival of the 'Times.' Of the sable dye of its Toryism some idea may be formed from the opinion it records, that England, 'so far from having governed Ireland on too despotic principles, had all along erred in precisely the opposite direction.' To gauge the editor's political prescience, it will be sufficient to notice that two years before the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill he declared, 'That the Catholic question, to the best of our observation and judgment, has retrograded *prodigiously* of late.'

Mr. Disraeli's next exhibition of himself is as the author of 'Vivian Grey.' The author chooses a hero about his own age, and the narrative of his early and unfinished career, is apparently an approving and self-portraying exhibition of selfish ambition, and heartless manœuvre. 'Vivian Grey' was indeed an ominous production. 'Byron,' says the author of this political biography, 'talked of being a very Timon at nineteen; but what is a Timon at nineteen



to a Machiavelli at nineteen?' Indeed, the immorality of the book is absolutely detestable. He is a worshipper of what Mr. Disraeli calls 'intellect.' 'He formed a resolution,' says the author before us, 'to govern men by humouring their prejudices, and pandering to their passions.' His theory is, and it is called a new theory, that philosophers have died in garrets, statesmen have never ruled, and warriors have never conquered, simply because they did not mix with the herd and take upon them the weaknesses of humanity. 'Mankind, then,' says 'Vivian,' is my great game.' Another touch is equally characteristic. He apostrophizes a lady who had crossed his designs, and who, in revenge for a cruel humiliation, had attempted to poison him, and whom he yet cannot help fancying is the 'double of himself,' in the following language: 'Away with all fear—all repentance—all thought of past—all reckoning of future, and now, thou female fiend! the battle is to the strongest; and I see right well that the struggle between two such spirits will be a long and fearful one. Woe, I say, to the vanquished! You must be dealt with by arts which even yourself cannot conceive. Your boasted knowledge of human nature shall not again stand you in stead; for, mark me, from henceforward Vivian Grey's conduct towards you shall have no precedent in human nature.' So much for Mr. Disraeli's hero. But we find something that reminds us of this in a subsequent passage of the young statesman's history. In a letter to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, provoked by a sarcastic speech of his father against Mr. Disraeli, he writes: 'I shall take every opportunity of holding your father's name up to public contempt, and I fervently pray that you, or some one of his blood, may attempt to avenge the unextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence.' These passages, in their combination, afford, we fear, a key to those chambers in Mr. Disraeli's mind in which the greater part of his time and his energies are spent. Inextinguishable hatred seems to be his ruling passion, and although Mr. O'Connell's unjustifiable but yet imperishable comparison of him to the 'blaspheming thief upon the cross,' whose taunts symbolize the gall which embittered the great sacrifice, we fear there is too much truth in the observation of the author before us, who says: 'Youth can be no excuse for errors of this nature, because they are errors of that kind which youth instinctively shuns. There is nothing in them of the romantic, the noble, the generous.'

'If,' he says, 'in all his future compositions and speeches, it is found that Mr. Disraeli carefully avoids the most serious faults of these two volumes, shuns all malignities and personalities, and in his political conduct ever afterwards preserves an intelligible consistency, it may with some plausibility be asserted that Vivian Grey is entirely

a fictitious character, and that it is unfair to associate the author with his work. But what conclusion can any impartial person come to, if we find him in his matured novels and speeches, still dealing in personalities, and scarcely anything else but personalities; still making use in one year of radical principles, and in another, appealing to old tory traditions; at one time being the advocate of free-trade, and at another of protection, and only consistent in a furious desire to become distinguished? Would it then be going beyond the bounds of fair critical induction, if the names of Vivian Grey and Benjamin Disraeli were considered as synonymous?—pp. 54, 55.

In the spirit of an equally just criticism our author says—‘Of all the sophistries ever written, to say that a hero “must mix with the herd, humour their weaknesses, sympathize with the sorrows he does not feel, and share the merriment of fools,” is the most miserable. This condemnation seems to be justified by the language which Mr. Disraeli puts into the mouth of his hero. ‘I have been often struck by the tales of Jupiter’s visits to the earth. In these fanciful adventures the god bore no indication of the thunderer’s glory, but was a man of low estate, a herdsman, or other hind, and often even a mere animal. A mighty spirit has in tradition, Time’s great moralist, perused “the wisdom of the ancients.” Even in the same spirit I would explain Jove’s terrestrial visiting. For to govern men even the god appeared to feel as a man; *and sometimes, as a beast, was apparently influenced by their vilest passions.*’

In summing up and delivering judgment on Vivian Grey, the author says—

‘This novel of ‘Vivian Grey’ created a sensation, and thus one great desire of its author was gratified. The work might be immoral, it might be personal, and, in a literary point of view, commonplace; but still it created a sensation, and Mr. Disraeli’s darling ambition at all times is to create a sensation. For this he satirizes his friends; for this he raises up against him enemies innumerable; for this he disregards the sober but majestic features of truth and nature. On more than one occasion he has declared through the mouths of his heroes, that it is better to be spoken of with detestation than not to be spoken of at all, and that infamy is preferable to obscurity.’—pp. 50, 51.

Mr. Disraeli’s next ambition was to develop himself as a poet and a poetical originator. He proposes to supersede the dramatic school which produced a Shakspeare, and the poetical school which gave us our Milton, and with a literary ambition concurrent with his political aspirations, he presented the world with ‘Contarini Fleming,’ and subsequently with ‘Alroy.’ Of the bombast of the former, one brief specimen will suffice. ‘If she be not mine there is no longer Venice—no longer human existence—no longer a beautiful and everlasting world. Let it all cease; let

the whole globe crack and shiver ; let all nations and all human hopes expire at once ; let chaos come again, if this girl be not my bride !' The reader will perhaps be tempted to inquire whether this wholesale denunciation of the universe may not account for his political sympathy with the scion of the house of Rutland, who, in an analogous paroxysm of political wisdom, recorded the well-known ejaculation :

' Let arts and commerce, laws and learning die,  
But leave us still our *old nobility* !'

'This work,' our author says, and we think justly, 'is alone sufficient to prove that Mr. Disraeli's organization is essentially unpoetical, and that he is not a man of meditation but of action. He is one of those who love to jostle for pre-eminence in the crowd, and not one of those who muse, and meditate, and create. Whenever he attempts to draw imaginary characters, whenever he would picture to our minds anything highly spiritual, he becomes ridiculous. His strength lies in the prosaic and the real. The best sketches in his novels are all of living persons, and are not great creations.'

At length we find Mr. Disraeli aspiring to the honour of a seat in Parliament, and soliciting the suffrages of the constituency of High Wycombe, and here the hero of the 'Representative' is in a somewhat odd position. He seeks his credentials from Mr. O'Connell, who was then defying the whig ministry, and from Mr. Hume, who was then what, as every one knows, he is now. Their letters, in reply to his solicitation, were at once printed as placards and posted on the walls, for the edification of the worthy constituents of High Wycombe. He was proposed by a radical, and seconded by a tory. Mr. Disraeli came out as the advocate of the ballot and of triennial parliaments. He wrote to Mr. O'Connell, and asked for his support (so says our author), as that of one radical to another radical who was going to contest on the radical interest the Wycombe election ; but Mr. Disraeli has through life been only a negative man, his professed principles at this time meant nothing but a mortal hatred of the whigs. Hence we find him writing to the editor of the 'Times,' in 1835 : 'If the tories and radicals of England had united like the tories and radicals of Wycombe four years ago, the oligarchical party would long since have been crushed ; had not the tories and a great portion of the radicals united at the last general election the oligarchy would not now have been held in check. Five years hence I trust there will not be a radical in the country, for if a radical mean, as it can only mean, one desirous to uproot the institutions of the country, that is the exact definition of a whig.'



We must pause for a moment to notice Mr. Disraeli as an etymologist. He defines a radical as that which can only mean 'one desirous to uproot the institutions of the country.' This affords one of many instances of that want of logical sagacity which leads the author of this biography to affirm, as we think with strict justice, that he is utterly incapable of accurate reasoning, and that he is but scantily acquainted even with its technical forms. Mr. Disraeli must know, in common with the millions whose cause he long professed to espouse, that the term radical is simply an abbreviation for radical reformer; and we would take the freedom of asking him in a sober moment when he is 'off' his poetry, whether such a term may not designate a statesman, who desires to lay the axe to the root of obvious evils and corruptions, without reference to those great institutions which every patriot desires to preserve.

In April, 1833, we find Mr. Disraeli addressing the electors of Marylebone on distinctly radical principles. He again puts forward his advocacy of the ballot and triennial parliaments; boasts that he is supported by neither of the aristocratic parties, and that he is untainted by the receipt of public money; and declares that he claims their support as a man 'who has already fought the battle of the people.' The election, however, did not take place, and Mr. Disraeli did not become the radical member for Marylebone. Meanwhile the aspirant statesman did not abandon his literary ambition, but continued his design of introducing a new poetical era by presenting the world with the 'Wondrous Tale of Alroy.' His critic admits that, 'as a romance, the book is interesting,' but adds, that whenever it attempts to be poetical, it is absurd. A single passage will, we think, justify this conclusion. It is so ambitiously elaborated that some of its passages fall into blank verse; but *Ossian-and-water*, is the only epithet which occurs to us as a faithful definition of its quality. It is an apostrophe to Alroy's soldiers, as they make their triumphal entry into Bagdad, and runs as follows:—

'The waving of banners, the flourish of trumpets, the neighing of steeds, and the glitter of spears. On the distant horizon, they gleam like the morning, when the gloom of the night shines bright into day.

'Hark! the trump of the foeman like the tide of the ocean, flows onward and onward, and conquers the shore. From the brow of the mountain, like the rush of a river, the column defiling melts into the plain. Warriors of Judah! holy men that battle for the Lord! The land wherein your fathers wept, and touched their plaintive psaltery; the haughty city where your sires bewailed their cold and distant hearths; your steeds are prancing on its plains, and you shall fill its palaces. Warriors of Judah! holy men that battle for the Lord!

'March, onward march, ye valiant tribes, the hour has come, the hour has come. All the promises of sages, all the signs of sacred ages

meet in this ravishing hour. Where is now the oppressor's chariot? where your tyrant's purple robe? The horse and the rider are both overthrown, the horse and the rider are both overthrown!

'Rise, Rachel, from the wilderness, arise, and weep no more. No more thy lonely palm-trees' shade need shroud thy secret sorrowing. The Lord has heard the widow's sigh; the Lord hath stilled the widow's tear. Be comforted, be comforted, thy children live again!

'Yes! yes! upon the bounding plain fleet Asriel glances like a star, and stout Scherirah shakes his spear by stern Jabaster's scimitar. And He is there, the chosen one, hymned by prophetic harps, whose life is like the morning dew on Sion's holy hill; the chosen one, the chosen one, that leads his race to victory, warriors of Judah! holy men that battle for the Lord!

'They come, they come, they come!'—pp. 114, 115.

'This,' our author adds, 'is Mr. Disraeli's poetry. These are the strains intended to revolutionize modern literature, and shame us out of our admiration for Shakspeare and Homer, and all their "commonplace inversions" and monotonous modulation. Never was there a more extraordinary instance of self-delusion.' Well may Mr. Disraeli adopt the maxim of the 'Representative'—'A smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world,' as the way to govern mankind. Assuredly here is a 'sneer for the world' with a vengeance. Such composition as this outrages the first principles of taste and utterly paralyzes criticism. This new style Mr. Disraeli 'frankly owns' he has invented. Of his heroes, the writer says with truth, 'Like Byron he can draw but one character, and this character he supposes to be in his own image. His heroes believe they are peculiar beings, different from the ordinary children of mortality, and that nothing can resist either their personal or their mental charms. They believe themselves born to triumph, and have no liking for the calm, quiet virtues of life.' This is evidently the cherished sentiment of Mr. Disraeli himself:—'Standing,' he says, 'upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents appeared to me, as it were, the Rival Principles of Government that at present contend for the mastery of the world. "What!" I exclaimed, "is the Revolution of France a less important event than the Siege of Troy?—Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles? *For me* remains the Revolutionary Epic."

In December, 1834, Mr. Disraeli, returning to his first loves, addresses again the electors of High Wycombe; and now his radicalism appears to have grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Speaking of Ireland, he says:—'Twelve months must not pass over without the very name of tithes in that country being abolished for ever; nor do I deem it less

urgent that the Protestant Establishment in that country shall be at once proportioned to the population which it serves.' As personalities have ever formed the source of his political harangues, we find him designating Lord John Russell as 'one who, on the same principles that bad wine becomes good vinegar, has somehow turned from a tenth-rate author into a first-rate politician; and so of Lord Palmerston in a 'concatenation accordingly.' This noble Lord he designates as 'the child of corruption, born in Downing-street; a second-rate official.' Yet, as if seeking prospectively a soft place to fall upon in the tumbles of his future political inconsistency, he says:—

'A statesman is essentially a practical character, and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or that subject—he is only to ascertain the needful, and the beneficial, and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on. The fact is, the conduct and opinions of public men at different periods of their career must not be too curiously contrasted in a free and aspiring country. The people have their passions, and it is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathize, because the people must have their leaders. Thus the opinions and the prejudices of the community must necessarily influence a rising statesman.'—p. 137.

This is truly a 'comfortable doctrine,' but like that other doctrine to which the epithet comfortable was originally applied, it has two sides to it. Mr. Disraeli's principle indeed may be designated as the antinomianism of politics. We know that consistency is often the mere protective synonyme of obstinacy or self-interest, and that great political mischiefs have been committed in its name; but surely Mr. Disraeli here proves too much. It cannot become a statesman to trim his sails in obedience to the temporary shifting of every popular gale which may be produced by the gullies and inequalities of the shore, and, to use Mr. Burke's image, to be 'not a pillar in the senate house, but only the weathercock on its summit.' But Mr. Disraeli here lays himself open to some serious reprisals if his apologetic principle be admitted (and in one sense it is sound and true). How can he justify his envenomed invectives against Sir Robert Peel for having changed his views on the commercial policy of this country, when that change was preceded and dictated by the most overwhelming tide of popular opinion that ever rose to the level of the legislature?

'Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes!'

The critic before us expresses similar views with more severity:—

'Mr. Disraeli,' he says, 'of all men, ought in his later career, most carefully to have avoided gross personalities and mischievous satire.



He ought, at least, to have been sensible of the many points his life affords for ridicule. He has never ridiculed any character half so ridiculous as his own. The plain statement of facts, as they are here set down, may even pass for satire, though it is only simple, unexaggerated truth. In fact, it cannot be concealed, for it must now be sufficiently obvious, that the literary and political history of this satirical author and politician is a satire ready made. But he has thought fit to designate this period of his life as that in which he was sowing his political wild oats. Mr. Disraeli was then verging on his thirtieth year; he had written much, and experienced much. It is not to be supposed that at such an age he was permitted to sow with impunity any wild oats, political or moral. It was not for him to make such an excuse, when he had invariably appealed to the youth of England, and considered, in his full maturity, that it was a blessing for any country to be governed by its youth.'—pp. 139, 140.

Mr. Disraeli next exhibits himself as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Taunton. Here he came out as a thorough-bred tory, and yet, oblivious of the 'Marylebone radical,' he declared in his speech to the electors, 'If there is anything on which I pique myself, it is my consistency, and I am prepared to prove it.' Some rather curious results arose out of this address. In the course of it he designated Mr. O'Connell as a traitor, and even as 'a bloody traitor and an incendiary,' seeming to forget that he had himself placarded the walls of High Wycombe with a recommendatory letter from the great agitator. Mr. O'Connell was not slow to visit this offence on the head of its perpetrator. In a speech delivered shortly afterwards in Ireland he thus characteristically takes his revenge:—'At Taunton this miscreant has styled me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary then,' O'Connell continued, 'than I am at present, if I ever were one; and if I am so, he is doubly so for having employed me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar. He is a liar in actions and words. His life is a living lie!' Having subsequently paid his tribute of respect to various Jewish gentlemen and families within his acquaintance, he adds in his own withering way:—'It will not be supposed therefore that when I speak of Mr. Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them, however, also, and it must certainly have been from one of those that Disraeli is descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief, whose name I verily believe must have been Disraeli. For aught I know the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died on the cross.'

There is a conventional code of honour under which men in the higher ranks of life feel bound to incur the double guilt of

suicide and murder by regarding a charge of falsehood and treachery as the *casus belli* for a duel. Mr. O'Connell had on one occasion killed his 'man' in obedience to this sapient law, and thereupon had 'registered a vow in heaven' never to fight another duel. This religious regulation deprived Mr. Disraeli of his desired revenge. He therefore substituted the pen for the pistol, and when disappointed of his revenge upon Daniel O'Connell he turned to his son, who had once appeared in the lists as the representative of his 'shrinking sire:' but that young gentleman wisely estimating the oppressive amount of similar engagements which would devolve upon him if he undertook a second time to use his father's pistols, denied Mr. Disraeli the pleasure of shooting him, and preferred a bitter missive from Mr. Disraeli, a passage from which has been already quoted, to one of those projectiles which surgical writers on gun-shot wounds inform us are alike devious and difficult of extraction.

Mr. Disraeli now foregathered with Lord Lyndhurst, and in a letter to him, occupying no less than 210 octavo pages, entitled 'The Vindication of the English Constitution,' struggles for the *salvage* of his own political consistency by adopting the theory that the tory party was the only one that was truly democratic. He declares that the House of Commons is not and never was the house of the people, and moulds the whole of his performance upon the model and the style of his favourite Bolingbroke.

His comparison of Bolingbroke with Mr. Burke elicits from our author one of the most vigorous of his (criticisms too long to extract and yet too valuable to pass unnoticed,) in which he shows a deep insight into the character of both, and demonstrates Mr. Disraeli's incapacity to fathom the character of either.

We pass over a correspondence between Mr. Disraeli and the 'Globe' and 'Times' newspapers, in which he assails Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Hume, and Sir E. Bulwer, with a vehemence of abuse, which in the present day would exclude his letters from the columns of any respectable newspaper; and we find him next as an imitative follower of Junius in the 'Times,' under the signature of 'Runnymede.' It appears that these letters, though unacknowledged, are unquestionably the productions of Mr. Disraeli. While they contain the most unjustifiable personal invective, especially against Mr. O'Connell, we find in them a degree of adulation addressed to Sir Robert Peel, which is scarcely less offensive. We hear of 'the halls and bowers of Drayton, where you have realized the romance of Verulam;' 'those refined delights of fortune which are your inheritance, and which no one is more capable of appreciating;' 'and those pure charms of domestic life to which no one is naturally more attached.' 'In your chivalry alone is our hope; clad in the panoply of your splendid talents, and your

spotless character, we feel assured that you will subdue this unnatural and unnational monster, and that we may yet see sedition, and treason, and rapine, rampant as they may have late figured, quail before your power and prowess.' We have already seen Mr. Disraeli arguing in favour of the inconsistencies of statesmen to the utmost limits of latitudinarianism, and yet Sir Robert Peel, to whom he offers this fulsome adulation, was the man, whom, but for an accident, which threw a nation into mourning, Mr. Disraeli would have baited, if his malignity could have accomplished so great a success, to a less noble death, by his persistent and harassing vituperation.

We must omit, without notice, the publication of Mr. Disraeli's 'Henrietta Temple,' a love story, and also of his 'Venetia,' in which his plagiarisms from Mr. Macaulay's 'Essay on Lord Byron' in the 'Edinburgh Review,' are the most outrageous which the whole history of literature records, and which can only be paralleled by his appropriation, almost *verbatim*, in his parliamentary eulogy of the Duke of Wellington, of the panegyric on a second-rate French general by a second-rate French rhetorician. Neither of these literary offences could have been committed by a man possessed of the smallest particle of self-respect.

At length we find Mr. Disraeli seated as member for Maidstone in the House of Commons—the arena on which he had threatened the fatal castigation of Mr. O'Connell. His failure in his first parliamentary effort is thus described by his merciless critical biographer:—

'O'Connell had just delivered one of his most thrilling speeches, and laid Sir Francis Burdett prostrate in the dust; the House of Commons was in a state of the greatest excitement, when a singular figure, looking as pale as death, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and ringlets clustering round his brow, asked the indulgence which was usually granted to those who spoke for the first time, and of which he would show himself worthy by promising not to abuse it. He then singled out O'Connell, who, he said, while taunting an honourable baronet with making a long, rambling, and jumbling speech, had evidently taken a hint from his opponent, and introduced every Irish question into his rhetorical medley. Two or three taunts were also directed at the whigs; who had made certain intimations at clubs and elsewhere about the time "when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of our monarch." Then followed some of Mr. Disraeli's daring assertions, which were received with shouts of laughter, and loud cries of "Oh! oh!" from the ministerial benches. An allusion to "men of moderate opinions and of a temperate tone of mind," produced still more laughter; for it was considered that such a character was the very opposite of the individual who was addressing them. He entreated them to give him five minutes' hearing; only five minutes. It was not much. The House then became indulgent; but soon the shouts of



laughter again burst forth, as Mr. Disraeli went on to say that he stood there not formally, but virtually, as the representative of a considerable number of members of parliament. "Then why laugh?" he asked; "why not let me enjoy this distinction at least for one night?" It appeared that he considered himself the representatives of the new members. When, however, he spoke of the disagreement between "the noble Tityrus on the Treasury Bench and the Daphne of Liskeard," declared that it was evident that this quarrel between the lovers would only be the renewal of love, and alluded to Lord John Russell as waving the keys of St. Peter in his hand, the voice of the ambitious orator was drowned in convulsions of merriment. "Now, Mr. Speaker, see the philosophical prejudice of man!" he ejaculated, with despair; and again the laughter was renewed. "I would certainly gladly," said Mr. Disraeli, most pathetically, "hear a cheer, even though it came from the lips of a political opponent." No cheer, however, followed; and he then added, "I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me."—pp. 250-252.

Our author's mode of accounting for this failure is at once ingenious and true:—

'Mr. Disraeli's art,' he says, 'lies in taking his audience by surprise, and in delivering his most successful points as *impromptus*. This, of course, may be done effectually, when the speaker has a command over hearers, and his intellectual ascendancy is allowed; but every orator has more or less to prepare his audience for the reception of his speeches, and until this can be done, it is not easy to make a very successful oratorical effort. . . . Mr. Disraeli failed, simply because the House of Commons would not listen to him, nor was it prepared to endure from a young member an harangue full of personalities, though these personalities appear to have been quite as good as many which have been delivered since by the same man to an attentive audience, and received with loud applause.'—pp. 253, 254.

And thus it must ever be; an adventurer, however energetic, divested of those ties which are inserted in stable principles, or in the associations of a political career, has no hold upon a British audience. He only tempts his fate in his efforts to stimulate them to his alliance; and his failure suggests, although by contrast, the aphorism of Bacon, 'He that hath a wife and children has given hostages to Fortune.'

Mr. Disraeli soon developed in parliament his ambitious singularity, and his faith in paradox. This his political biographer takes pains to develop. After analyzing a speech, which he made immediately after the accession of her present Majesty, he says—

'Mr. Disraeli thus, on principle, admires the two extreme parties more than any moderate political section. He can admire Toryism; he can admire Chartism. But what he abominates is moderation. He might, with some plausibility, maintain, as he has ever done, that he

has never changed the principles on which he contested High Wycombe in 1832; for it is his very nature thus to bring opposites together and to join contrasts. He was at once the champion of the cottager and the noble, and the systematic opponent of the middle classes. He roundly asserted in the House of Commons a very few months after this time, that the aristocracy and the labouring multitude form the nation.'—pp. 274, 275.

These were the principles of Young England, which, as a political party, 'sparkled and exhaled' shortly after its birth, deserted, or, rather perhaps, exposed by its parents, on those bleak hill-sides which were most exposed to the blasts of an hourly increasing popular opinion. The failure of that particular party was simply ridiculous. Nothing could be imagined more childish than the attempt to revive in these days of popular progress, in which 'the toe of the peasant treads so near the heel of the courtier, that it galls his kibe,' the abominations of feudal times, a society of peers and peasants;—the peers very rich, and the peasants very picturesque. The inauguration and the requiem of the stillborn system are found in the ineffably ridiculous distich of Lord John Manners, which we have already quoted. The momentum of the movement of the British people to obtain cheap food, free commerce, and political rights, has disintegrated and dispersed the flimsy vanity like chaff before a whirlwind.

In the summer of 1840, we find Mr. Disraeli attacking Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, and arguing with that pretension to personal authority, and to what he calls tradition, that an Austrian alliance was the true policy of England. Subsequently, however, he diametrically altered his course, insisting that Mr. Pitt's foreign commercial policy was established on a sound French alliance, and that this was the central point of all genuine traditional tory policy. The author before us generalizes with great justice in connexion with this subject, the leading feature of Mr. Disraeli's erratic political career. Observing upon his ingenuity and versatility in finding authorities and philosophy for opposite courses of action, he remarks with much truth, that he has more than any other man living adopted the advice of William Gerard Hamilton, who, in his treatise on 'Parliamentary Logic,' says to aspiring statesmen: 'You know the consequences you want, find out a principle to justify them. This,' he adds, 'is what Mr. Disraeli is ever doing. Whatever may be the consequences he wants, he is sure to find out a principle for their justification.'

As the whig government declined in 1841, his rancour towards them increased, and proportionately his adoration of Sir Robert Peel as the rising sun. The adaptation of his policy to the circumstances of the times was the theme of his most pointed eulogium; but all his efforts were wasted upon that calm and

sagacious observer; and when the whig administration expired, and Sir Robert Peel was summoned to the helm of the cabinet, the expectant apostle of the new generation found that his services were not required, and that the formation of the ministry down to its very subordinates proceeded as if in oblivion of his existence. Free trade was now the great question. At this turning point of Mr. Disraeli's political career, the course he adopted deserves particular mention.

'Though,' says the author before us,\* 'Mr. Disraeli fails in proving that the Tories were free-traders in 1787, his attempt to do so proves that he was himself a free-trader in 1843. He found it convenient in 1846 to drop altogether the name of free-trader, that he might assume the leadership of the protectionist party. But in the session of 1842, and the earlier part of the session of 1843, he was a decided free-trader, and defended the Corn Laws as an exception to the general principles of free trade. Thus, on the 14th of February, 1843, on Lord Howick's motion for a committee on the distress of the country, Mr. Disraeli was again philosophical and historical, and the advocate of free commercial intercourse.'—pp. 308, 309.

In April of the same year (1843), he avowed the same principles with still greater distinctness. 'No words,' says the author, 'could be plainer than those of the member for Shrewsbury; he clearly considered himself an eminent free-trader, and most certainly never called himself at this time, nor until nearly two years later, a protectionist.'

In August of the same year, however, he indicated a diametrical change of tactics. His first opposition to Sir Robert Peel was upon his Irish policy, and now, while opposing the leader he had so cordially followed, he complimented the whigs, and flattered Lord John Russell as their head. From this, a superficial observer might conclude that the right honourable gentleman's enmities are not immortal. Time and events, however, dispel the illusion. Mr. Disraeli's hatred is a fixed battery; there stand the cannon, permanent, open mouthed, and shotted; who the enemy may be against whom they may open their fire, is a matter of circumstance, or what in logic is called an accident. His opposition proceeded, and the rumours of the lobbies revealed (if, indeed, they can be accepted as a revelation) that he had made an application for place in 1843, and that his overtures had been entirely disregarded. His hostilities to Sir Robert Peel commenced with an apparently casual question on the affairs of Servia, in connexion with differences between Russia and the Porte. Sir Robert declined giving the information in a somewhat unceremonious style. 'I was treated,' he said, ironically, 'with that courtesy which the right honourable baronet reserves for his supporters.'

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\* He had, at the recent election, been returned for Shrewsbury.



and he speaks of himself at the commencement of the year 1846 as 'a member who, though on the tory benches, had been for two sessions in opposition to the ministry.' In 1845, it was evident that Sir Robert's government was imperilled by its liberality, and Mr. Disraeli, with the instinct of the vulture scenting the approach of dissolution from afar, hovered over and harassed his quarry *unguibus et rostro*. For one of his attacks he was compelled to apologize to Sir Robert; but a few evenings afterwards he attacked him with still greater acrimony, and uttered his well-known sarcasm, 'that the minister had caught the Whigs bathing, and had walked away with their clothes.' Shortly afterwards he committed himself unequivocally to the cause of protection, and, addressing himself to the minister, he said—

'For my part, if we are to have free-trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the honourable member for Stockport than by one who, through skilful parliamentary manoeuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and of a great party. For myself, I care not what may be the result. Dissolve, if you please, the parliament you have betrayed. Appeal to the people, who, I believe, mistrust you. For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of thus publicly expressing my belief that a conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.'—p. 334.

During the sessions of 1844 and 1845 Mr. Disraeli's attacks upon Sir Robert Peel became increasingly bitter and frequent, until this gentleman's love of attracting attention to himself must have been satiated, for his lawless invectives were in everybody's mouth, and the wit which preserved such intense inflammation from the next stage, of putrefaction, made his invectives the gossip of the streets and the stock in trade of political caricaturists. Yet it should be noted that at this time the opposition of the protectionists had not commenced, and the repeal of the Corn-laws was not so much as threatened.

It was in 1844 that Mr. Disraeli made his appeal to the world out of doors on the principles of his party. He adopted the form of a political novel, entitled 'Coningsby.' It was in this work that he exhibited, in their fullest development, all the powers of his intellect and all the defects of his character. That it was written with great eloquence, and that it exhibited a high amount of genius, is, we think, unquestionable; but no candid reader will deny that it is disfigured by exaggeration, and envenomed with the most patent personalities. Sidonia is a monster of perfection, made up in about equal proportions of the talents and tact of Mr. Disraeli, expanded to a power known only to mathematicians, and of the wealth of Baron Rothschild, which, to the

relief of the reader, has necessary limits. 'A Key to Coningsby' was published, giving the real name of every character; but this was scarcely necessary to those readers who had an extensive acquaintance with public men, and the liberties taken with their reputation behind the mask of fiction were such as no literary moralist can justify, and deprive the author of all ground of complaint with respect to any reprisals, however overwhelming and vindictive. The political career of the right honourable gentleman, represented under the name of Mr. Rigby, may have deserved the brilliant judgment of Macaulay; but Mr. Disraeli, having the misfortune to reside in a house of glass, was certainly not the person to throw stones at him. Great licence, we are instructed by Horace, must be given to painters and poets. To the latter character, indeed, Mr. Disraeli has no pretensions, and the poetic muse must often, we can imagine, in playful mood, have whispered into his ear, dulled as it was with a mistaken literary ambition, the deprecation of Æneas to the Sybil, '*Tantum foliis ne carmina manda.*' But as a political novelist he should have at least respected the morals of his vocation. He who attacks in the face of day and in open encounter is a fair foe, by whose lance it is not ignominious to fall; but he who stabs under cover of the twilight and the cloak of fiction is a cowardly assassin.

At length the free-trade measure emerged under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Disraeli's opposition reached its height. In exhibiting the course he pursued we cannot do better than quote the language of the author before us:—

'Many of the most experienced and far-seeing of Sir Robert Peel's followers were doubtless guilty of inconsistency in abandoning protection. But Mr. Disraeli's course has been so peculiar, that had he resolved to vote for the repeal of the corn laws, and could his motives have been judged from his principles, and not from his personalities, he was, perhaps, the only member on the conservative side of the house who might have supported the bill without inconsistency. What a conclusive speech he might have delivered, without adopting either the language of the protectionists or the extreme free-traders! He might have said, most unanswerably: "You cannot reproach me with giving up the principle of protection; for I never maintained that protection was a principle. I never maintained that the tory party was connected by the bond of restrictive laws. All the reproaches which are showered on the head of the right honourable baronet and his recent converts around him, on me, at least, fall harmless. I have always asserted that the tory party was really the democratic party. I have always asserted that the principles of free trade were exclusively tory principles."—pp. 386, 387.

Mr. Disraeli now became the avowed advocate of protection, and yet he declares, 'My opinions have never changed, and I

have always acted up to them in my public conduct.' And to complete the climax he designates Mr. O'Connell 'that great man!' With this predisposing condition of the mental system, it is not surprising that Mr. Disraeli should have been smitten with the mania of prophecy, and his prediction will doubtless be very consolatory to those who are now paying a shilling for the quartern loaf:—'The price of wheat,' he says, 'for the future, will range from 30s. to 35s. a quarter!'

Mr. Disraeli now allied himself with Lord George Bentinck, and the history of that alliance is within the memory of every reader. We will only say of it that it is sketched in the work before us with remarkable ability.

We must pass over Mr. Disraeli's political biography of Lord George Bentinck, to which we formerly devoted a lengthened review, and hasten, in conclusion, to notice that long-sought elevation which precipitated what, to all present appearance, is the final catastrophe of Mr. Disraeli's political career. He had ever, if the report of private conversation is to be believed, 'wearied heaven with prayer' for one year of official power. Nine-tenths of his petition was granted, whether by the power he appealed to, or by the Nemesis which he portrayed as sealing the downfall of Sir Robert Peel, posterity will determine. If Sir Robert Peel stole the clothes of the bathing whigs, the Hebrew Chancellor of the Exchequer bagged the left-off raiment of his whig predecessors. His free-trade budget must be fresh in the memory of every reader, and it is said that Lord Derby, sitting under the gallery during the delivery of his speech, quoted the words of Balaak, 'I sent him to curse them, and, lo! he hath blessed them altogether.'

With the dismissal of the Derby ministry the political history of Mr. Disraeli may close. It has been brilliant, but wayward and inconsistent. The review of the book before us in the 'Times' newspaper is strangely wanting in the sagacity and general ability which distinguishes the literary criticisms of that organ. We should have supposed that the former and latter half of that notice were written by two persons entertaining the most opposite political opinions. The former says 'that every Englishman's heart ought to throb at the name of Benjamin Disraeli,' while the latter declares, that 'he has ever visited with the most unrelenting bitterness every man, however good or great, who has crossed the path of his self-seeking ambition.' The only attribute, therefore, which ought to make the British heart to throb, is the combination of selfishness and energy. If this is all (and the 'Times' claims no more), the British heart should throb at the name of Jack Sheppard.

It is impossible not to observe, on a review of the political career of Mr. Disraeli, that his guiding principle has been the



establishment and the dominance of party. This we cannot but regard as a theory which contains within itself a principle of political immorality, which, in the long run, must constitute the very assurance of defeat. Political questions submitted to the legislature are supposed by the very theory of representation to be decided by individual opinion. In so far as party spirit controls this primary duty of a legislator, whether in reference to his conscientious conviction, or to his duty to his constituents, it involves a compromise which, however it may serve the purposes of a faction, is inconsistent with the elemental principle of representation. It is on this rock that Mr. Disraeli has split, and nothing but a fundamental change in his views of this all-important question could ever have made his great talents available to the service of his country.

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ART. II.—*Pantropheon; or, History of Food and its Preparation from the Earliest Ages of the World.* By A. Soyer, Author of the 'Gastronomie Regenerator and the Modern Housewife: or Ménagère.' London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1853.

2. *Familiar Letters on Chemistry, in its Relations to Physiology, Dietetics, Agriculture, Commerce, and Political Economy.* By Justus von Liebig. Third Edition, Revised and much Enlarged. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1851.

ALTHOUGH man has been defined as essentially a cooking animal, yet he is not, strictly speaking, the only creature which causes its food to go through some process besides that of mastication before it is taken into the stomach. The boa constrictor prepares its prey for deglutition by a careful bruising, and lubrication with the saliva; and the crocodile is said, after drowning animals which it has seized, to expose them, so as to leave them to undergo some degree of putrefaction, before finally devouring them. Rumination might, by a little refining, be reduced to a sort of cooking. But as it is most difficult to frame any general definition to which some exception may not be taken, there seems no reason, if we are so minded, why we should not define man as a cooking animal, since his superior refinement in the art of preparing his food is so manifest.

Dr. Johnson pronounced a man who despised his dinner, unfit to be trusted, saying, that he who did not care for what he ate would care for nothing else; and while gluttony is to be abhorred, and superfluous epicurism shunned, it seems little less than the

cynicism of a Diogenes, or the stupidity of an Indian faquir, to be altogether inattentive to the quality of our food, both as to its nature and its mode of preparation. Since this food is to form part of our frame, of our blood, and even of the organ by which we think,—since it is to become our bodily self, we cannot, as rational beings, consider the subject of alimentation as beneath our attention. But as health and economy are also in question, and as in modern and civilized society aliment is often obtained by a much greater amount of care and labour than are required in ruder states of society; as, in short, it is proportionally dearer, it may be very important for a politician and a statesman to have some knowledge of this subject. Has not a hereditary legislator been known to prescribe a bit of spice in water as food for a starving people? There is daily to be found great misconception of what alimentation really is; and we purpose in this article, as far as our limits will permit, to state concisely the general principles of the subject, in connexion more especially with the two works whose titles are given, and to whose character and contents we shall refer.

All substances that we can take into the mouth are, for the most part, of the nature of food or poison. Few are neutral. Even mechanical substances, such as chalk, or dust, sand, or sediments in water, are to be classed under the second head, as they are, more or less, injurious by their very bulk, by clogging up the organs of digestion, or irritating them mechanically. What, then, is the difference between food and poison, or medicine? We should be disposed to make it consist in this—that whereas the system can subject food to its own laws and purposes, poison or medicine forces the system to obey its laws. Thus poison begins, as it were, where food ends.

Probably the greatest discovery of organic chemistry in modern times is, that all the organic substances which constitute the food of man must be divided into two classes,—one of which includes those articles which serve for the true nutrition and reproduction of those solid parts of the body most concerned in the processes of life; while the other, partly subservient in supporting some of the tissues of less essential importance, does also answer purposes, and perform functions, quite different from those of the first. Thus, Liebig states, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than eight or ten pints of the best Bavarian beer—‘that a person who is able to consume that amount of beer daily, would get from it at the end of the year about as much nourishment as would exist in a five-pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh.’ But we must not suppose that, although the beer affords so little direct nourishment, it is altogether useless. Besides those articles of diet which

go to build up the solid and essential structures of the body another class of aliments are requisite. In order to maintain life man requires a supply of oxygen, to support combustion and animal heat; of this, an adult will consume from seven to eight hundred pounds annually. None of this remains. It goes to combine with carbon and hydrogen, to pass off at the lungs and the skin in the form of carbonic acid and water, and to support animal heat. This veritable combustion requires a supply of fuel,—*i. e.*, of substances abounding in carbon and hydrogen. These are of a different class from the principles of food which really form the solid tissues of most importance in carrying on the machinery of life, and beer is one of them, although, perhaps, not one of the best.

Now, as life is absolutely dependent on the respiration, and as respiration involves the consumption of carbon and hydrogen by oxygen, from this great fact numerous inferences may be drawn,—*viz.*, that the amount of food must depend, in great part, on the force and frequency of the respirations, and as that frequency is greater in exertion, then more food will be required. Light is also thrown upon the kind of food which animals require. For example, the active and powerfully respiring horse requires an enormous quantity of carbon daily; while the torpid serpent lives entirely on animal food; for it need hardly be remarked, that vegetable food is much more carbonaceous than the flesh of animals.

After considerable discussion, and proof being afforded, that the *continuance* of respiration depends on the integrity of the nervous system, no one now doubts that animal heat is supported chiefly by a true combustion of carbon and hydrogen in the system, in the same way that heat is evolved from a common fire or gas-burner.

Thus digestion consists essentially in affording to the system two kinds of alimentary materials,—one kind containing nitrogenized constituents, identical in composition with muscular fibre, and the greater part of the blood and nerve; the other kind, of a fatty, sugary, or starchy character, containing large quantities of carbon and hydrogen, which are burnt off in the process of respiration, and serve to keep up the animal temperature.

Digestion may be divided into two kinds;—first, that beginning at the stomach and its associate organs, and ending with the fixing of the reparative materials in the extreme cells and tissues, of which process respiration is a part; and another, the second kind, which effects the removal of the superfluous materials of nutrition, and the effete and worn out tissues, used up in the wear and tear of life, and their excretion principally by the kidneys, partly from the bowels and skin. The latter process is



called secondary digestion, or destructive assimilation. It may be conceived how necessary the second kind is, when it is recollected that most of the secretions take place in cells, and at the expense of the secreting cell, which is broken up in the process. It must, therefore, be removed from the system; indeed, the excrementary products which are formed from the worn out tissues become poisons when not properly removed out of the body. Such are the urea and uric acid of the urine, whose retention gives rise to many of the most serious diseases.

The credit of the clear views now generally entertained with regard to nutrition, and the merit of the division of our organic food into two great classes, is generally given to Liebig, and has been so assigned by a writer so learned as the late Dr. Pereira. We, indeed, owe the enunciation of these principles, *in extenso*, in great part to Liebig and other recent investigators; but here, as in almost every instance, we find science progressing gradually. It is seldom given to one man all at once to bring out an ideal creation, or a discovery altogether new. Great discoveries are almost always made by degrees, and perhaps we might trace back almost as far as the alchemists glimpses of the true theory of alimentation. At any rate, we find very just ideas on the subject entertained towards the close of last century, and very near approximations to the truth regularly formularized.

For instance, in a journal edited by the celebrated Fourcroy, entitled 'La Médecine Eclairée par les Sciences Physiques,' in 1791, we find a paper by a M. Hallé, in which not only the fact that the formation of the principal elements of animal nutrition takes place in vegetables, is regularly laid down, but the nature of those principles, and their analogues in vegetables and animals, are pretty clearly indicated. As this anticipation may possess interest for some of our scientific readers, it may be well to translate some of M. Hallé's sentences. He says—

1st. By animalization, we understand the change of vegetable into animal substance; and by assimilation, the passage of alimentary substances, either vegetable or animal, into a state which renders them similar to the parts which compose our bodies;

2nd. By nutrition, the animalization of vegetable aliments, and the assimilation of all aliments;

3rd. Both of these operations, suppose in the alimentary substances, —first, analogies which render them capable of undergoing those changes, and second, differences which render those changes necessary.

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6th. We know that the substances which constitute our solids, and which are transported by our fluids, are all ready formed in our aliments—the animal aliments contain them ready formed, and the vegetable contain their analogues;

7th. We do not doubt, that with some trifling difference in the pro-

portions, the vegetable glutinous matter in wheat flour, shown to be existing in almost all herbs, is of exactly the same nature as the fibrous portion of the blood, and the fibre of our muscles.

After these remarkable passages, he proceeds to divide aliments into carbonaceous and azotized, the former principally vegetable, the latter animal; and he, of course, does not omit the uses of carbon and hydrogen in respiration; he descends even to more minute particulars, where it is not necessary to follow him. It is plain, however, that he was perfectly aware of the two classes of organic food, and of the great fact that the essential chemical principles which form the animal tissues exist ready formed in vegetables, and that the gluten, or bird lime, of wheat is as nearly as possible identical with the fibre or flesh of animals.

Highly as the merits of Liebig in the promotion of organic chemistry should be estimated, those of our own illustrious countryman, Dr. Prout, are equally pre-eminent. Dr. Prout came into the field when this branch of chemistry was surrounded with many difficulties; and if some of his views have been extended, none of them have been subverted, which is more than can be said of those of the illustrious German. At some future period, when organic chemistry shall have attained results, of which even now, perhaps, we have little conception, the works of Prout will remain, like some ancient and venerable edifice in the midst of a flourishing metropolis, a lasting monument of its author's glory.

Although Dr. Prout divided aliments into four classes, yet his views are very similar to those of Liebig and more recent writers.

One of the great questions regarding respiration, and the mode in which the blood is changed from venous to arterial, has, we think, been settled by Liebig. It is well known that during this process there is absorption of oxygen from the air, and evolution of carbonic acid and water. Now, there has been much dispute whether the carbonic acid and watery vapour are formed in the lungs, or merely given off there, from the venous blood, and replaced by oxygen. The latter opinion has been gaining ground of late years, and has, we think, been conclusively established by Liebig, who proves that the oxygen absorbed by dark venous blood, which displaces a nearly equal volume of carbonic acid, becomes chemically combined with the now red arterial blood, and gradually, in its passage through the system, is employed in burning off the fats and combustible materials, and in supporting animal heat. Hence a small portion of carbonic acid (with much vapour, and many salts) passes off at the skin. The materials for supporting combustion are furnished principally by the liver, the great organ which absorbs from the aliments their fatty principles, and stores them up for a time to furnish

them to the blood. Finally, as was before remarked, the unconsumed materials of the food and its dregs, and the excess of plastic, *i. e.*, nitrogenized principles, along with the used-up tissues of the frame, are eliminated from the kidneys, and partly from the bowels.

Such is the general outline of the process of digestion and the nature of organic food. Experiments on animals prove that without both kinds of food—viz., the nitrogenized or plastic, and the oily, sugary, and starchy, or combustible, life cannot be long preserved. But it is seldom that either of these kinds is presented in a pure form. For example, take the case of an American hunter, who is often obliged to live some time solely on the flesh of the animals he has slain; both kinds of aliment, the plastic and the fatty, exist in his diet, and vegetable gluten is to be found in the food of the potato or rice eater.

But not only is it impossible to sustain life upon either nitrogenized or fatty food alone, we cannot support it upon both these principles combined in a pure form. Pure fibrin, and pure starch, or sugar, or fat, together, will not support existence, other substances must be added, for lime, potass, soda, and muriatic, sulphuric, and phosphoric acids are as essential to the existence of the higher animals as either of the other kinds of aliment. Animals fed upon either, or both of these principles pure, soon die with all the appearances of starvation. There must be a mixture of inorganic salts, without which the animals cannot relish their food.

Other inorganic elements are essential in the constitution of the body. Iron, for instance, is an important constituent of the blood; copper and lead exist normally in the frame; and perhaps there is hardly a single elementary body which is not to be found in combination in man and the higher animals. Iodine was detected the other day. In all probability the only measure of the number of constituents of the body is the minuteness of our analyses.

Much controversy has arisen in recent times owing to the spread of teetotalism, as to the nature of other substances used in diet, such as alcohol in its various forms, wine, beer, &c. &c. many teetotallers in their zeal going the length of roundly calling all these substances poisons. Now, believing as we do, that the battle of teetotalism is to be fought upon the moral point, and that the real question, whether it is not good, nay, better, to abstain from what is in most cases of only questionable benefit, rather than by apparent example to encourage the dreadful vices which arise from the abuse of alcoholic fluids, even by moderate indulgence, we shall proceed to make a few remarks on the real nature of those articles as food.



That alcohol in large doses, and in the concentrated form, is a poison, is beyond a doubt, but it differs from ordinary poisons, such as prussic acid and arsenic, in being assimilated in small quantities, which these never are; *i. e.*, in small quantities it is food, being closely analogous to oil or fat in its chemical composition. It is one of the combustible articles of diet already spoken of. But it is an article somewhat *sui generis*, being both a stimulant in moderate doses, and a supporter of combustion, in large doses a poison, not so poisonous, however, according to some recent unpublished experiments on animals, as thein or caffen, the active principle of tea and coffee, which also is supposed to answer important purposes in digestion, partly by reinforcing the biliary secretions, partly by an effect on the nervous system.\* The opposition, then, of some of the more violent of the teetotal *doctrinaires* to the use of alcoholic fluids in any form, on the ground that they are absolute poisons, is not supportable, but the propriety of total abstinence from alcoholic drinks may be urged on the following grounds—viz.: 1st, for the sake of example; 2nd, from the danger of moderate indulgence leading to the use of them as stimulant drugs; 3rd, because they are expensive and can be dispensed with.

Of late years a sect of modern Pythagoreans has arisen, who confine themselves (as much as possible) to vegetable food. If these gentlemen wish to carry out their principles, they should be very careful what water they drink, and we have been shocked to see in their bills of fare the article *eggs*! Now most certainly the eating of an egg must often have a relation to the same atrocity perpetrated on a chicken, very near that which the causing of abortion bears to murder! But, seriously speaking, we should like to know what the vegetarians propose to do with the herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, the pigs and poultry, that cover the surface of the earth, to say nothing of the beasts of prey and birds of the air. If we were to leave them alone, their natural powers, both of reproduction and rapacity exceed ours, and we should have to kill them in self-defence. There is no alternative between the extermination of these animals and the present mode of restraining their numbers within bounds for our own use!

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\* For the support of the views here expressed we must refer to Liebig. It is unwise to put the teetotal cause upon such a false ground as some do when they cry out against all alcoholic drinks as poisons. Liebig shows that, on the banks of the Rhine, where most wine is drunk, there is least drunkenness. He mentions a curious fact showing that alcohol is food. When the Peace Society met at Frankfort, most of the members being teetotalers, their landlord observed an enormous consumption of farinaceous food, 'an unheard-of occurrence in a house in which the amount and proportion of the dishes for a given number of persons has been for some years fixed and known.'

Let us now turn to the works before us, and the suggestions they furnish.

The work of M. Soyer has a good deal disappointed us:—to use a vulgar phrase, it is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. It professes to give a history of cookery, and such a work learnedly and philosophically written, commencing with the earliest periods, and descending through the middle ages, uniting the practical knowledge of M. Soyer, and the science of Liebig would indeed be valuable. But M. Soyer has given under different heads, such as 'Agriculture,' 'Grinding of Corn,' 'Dried Vegetables,' 'Hunting,' &c., a sort of *medley*, in which mythological fables, facts of doubtful historical record, and sometimes sufficiently curious or amusing anecdotes, without much reference to date, are jumbled. And under each head are given a number of recipes for cooking dishes after known ancient or mediæval modes, or at least approximating to them; and finally, the work concludes with bills of fare of some of the great modern dinners, which our hero, as he must be here termed, has himself cooked. It may seem almost invidious to remark on an English book professing to be written by a foreigner that there are many grammatical errors, and numerous misprints. It may be observed *en passant* that M. Soyer almost invariably says 'eat' instead of *ate*. This vulgarity is not confined to M. Soyer; and as we continually find in newspaper reports of public dinners that a health was 'drank' instead of a health was *drunk*, so we are afraid that our old friend *ate* may be banished from vulgar literature.

It is not to be denied, however, that M. Soyer has got together many curious facts concerning the history of food. Many of the illustrations are interesting and well executed. The examples of Roman cookery are amusing, and must often remind the reader of the famous feast after the manner of the ancients in 'Peregrine Pickle,' and the exclamation of Pallet, 'What beastly fellows those Romans were!'<sup>\*</sup> When we think of

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<sup>\*</sup> The following is an analysis of this famous entertainment, in which Smollett (except in the arrangement and order of the dishes) has adhered to classical authority. For the first course, there was at one end of the table a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil; at the other end, dishes of the *salacabilia* of the ancients; one of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine tops, honey, vinegar, wine, pickle (*garum*, we suppose), eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen livers; the other, a soup *maigre*, but flavoured with sal-ammoniac, the ancient *nitrum* not being procurable. There was also, as part of this course, a loin of veal boiled with fennel and caraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hash composed of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. The *salacabilia* being removed, their places were filled with two pies, one of dormice, liquored with syrup of poppies, 'which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy seed, and formerly eaten with honey as a

their monstrous dishes, the first preparation for one of which consisted in stifling pigs before they were littered, their extravagant sauces, and the strange order of their banquets, we cannot help agreeing in the opinion of the humorous character which Smollett has drawn. It may not be amiss to observe, that the celebrated *garum*, which formed so large a portion of Roman seasoning was a kind of putrid brine, in which fish entrails were allowed to decompose. Caviar must have been odorous in comparison!

The following is a specimen of M. Soyer *en philosophe*. Speaking of the cooking of the Romans, he says—

‘Sensual enjoyments and every variety of barbarity that follows in their train were carried to the highest pitch. There was something vast and monstrous, of which nothing can give us an idea, in the eclipse of mind, and the depravity of their hearts. All that force of intelligence and will, which, under the influence of Christian spiritualism, has revealed itself in modern times by so many chivalric inspirations, so many scientific discoveries, so many industrial works, then engulfed in the senses, was taxed solely for their gratification. The sensual organization of man had acquired a development apparently as vast as that of intelligence, because intelligence had become the handmaid of the senses; hence those colossal proportions in the tastes, the banquets, the pleasures of the ancients when compared with ours, which make us regard them as an extinct race of giants, if we consider them in a sensual point of view, and as a race of pigmies, if we measure them by that power of ideas, that metaphysical and moral elevation to which we have attained, and which would make *a child of our days the catechist of all the philosophers of antiquity.*’ (!)

At one period the wealthy Romans were accustomed to introduce gladiatorial combats at their feasts, forgetful of the—

‘—verecundumque Bacchum  
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.  
Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces,  
Immane quantum discrepat’

of Horace.

A Roman supper began with draughts of generous wine; then came the *antecæna*. Lettuces, olives, pomegranates, and Damascus

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dessert;’ and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey. ‘The second course contains several of the dishes which among the ancients were called *politeles*, or magnificent. ‘That which smokes in the middle,’ said he, ‘is a sow’s stomach filled with a composition of minced pork, hog’s brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, aniseed, rice, ginger, oil, wine, pickles,’ (was the Scotch haggis a legacy of the Romans?) ‘on the right side are the teats and belly of a sow just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. ‘On the left is a fricasse of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end are fritters of pumpkins, lovage, origanum, and oil, and here are a couple of pullets roasted, and stuffed after the manner of Apicius.’



plums, were so disposed as to encircle dormice prepared with honey and poppy juice, and forcemeat balls of crabs, lobsters, and cray-fish, prepared with pepper, cinnamon, and benzoin root:—

‘A little further, champignon and egg sausages, prepared with garum, are placed by the side of pheasant sausages, a delicious mixture of the fat of that bird chopped very small, and mixed with pepper, gravy, and sweet new-made wine, to which a small quantity of hydrogarum is added. Tempting as these delicate viands may be, the practised epicurean seems to have a decided preference for peacock’s eggs, which they open with spoons. These eggs, a master-piece of the culinary artist who presides over Seba’s stoves, are composed of a fine perfumed paste, and contain each one a fat roasted ortolan, surrounded with yolk of egg, and seasoned with pepper.

‘We will not take the reader through the list of all the dishes which composed the *antecæna* . . . . We must, however, inform him that the true gastronomists . . . did no more than give note of preparation to their appetite by plying it with pickled radishes, some few grasshoppers of a particular species, fried with garum, gray peas, and olives fresh from the brine.’

Then after copious libations of wine came the second course, comprising all sorts of game, fowls, and fish, wild boars served up whole, and stuffed with ortolans and beccaficoes, ‘sow’s paps prepared with milk, sow’s flank, and some pieces of gallic bacon, which gluttons loved to associate with a piece of succulent venison.’ Then came drinking of healths, and finally a copious dessert.

It is not necessary to follow M. Soyer further into details. We know that even the gluttony of aldermen was surpassed by that of the masters of the world. It is stated in M. Soyer’s book, that the Romans were at first such rude cooks, as to be ignorant of the art of making bread for five centuries after the founding of the city. Be this as it may, it appears certain that close to the time of Cæsar, bread was considered too great a luxury for the common soldiers. Thus Sallust tells us that when Metellus arrived in Numidia, to take the command of the army, he found discipline relaxed, and the soldiers abandoned to luxury, and one of his first acts of reformation is described as follows:—‘*Namque edicto primum adjumenta ignaviæ sustulisse, ne quisquam in castris panem aut quem alium coctum cibum venderet.*’ But however rude might be their ideas originally on the subject, they were no sooner introduced to the arts and luxuries of Greece and Asia than, like a similar rough conquering people, the Osmanli Turks, their great men seem to have used the conquered people as the ministers of their sensual appetites, which, among the Romans, in great part, took the form of gulosity. Few indeed were the intellectual productions of the Roman mind in comparison with that of Greece; and did we know

exactly how much of what is generally attributed to the Romans in the arts of life is really due to the Greek race, in all probability very little indeed would remain to the Roman element. The Roman seems ever to have had a scorn of the fine arts, except as mere ministers to luxury, or as Macaulay has expressed this feeling—

‘Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs,  
And scrolls of wordy lore.’

To a want of appreciation for the higher and more graceful exercises of the mind, which, on the whole, characterized the Romans, may be attributed the gross sensuality of their feasts; and who can tell how far this enormous luxury, by the mental and physical imbecility it would produce, may have contributed to the fall of the empire? We know from the eloquent pages of Gibbon how much the descendants of the fierce conquerors of the world were absorbed by the pleasures of the table at the time of Alaric. Then wealth and numbers were not wanting to defend Rome; but the nobles were sunk in sensuality, and the people mere slaves reduced, by the self-indulgence of their masters, to such a state that they were left without an interest in the defence of the existing system. The lesson has been often repeated. May it not be without benefit. Thus to the Roman senators might be applied the motto which M. Soyer has chosen—

‘Dis moi ce que tu manges  
Je dirai ce que tu es.’

The gross gormandism of the middle ages affords M. Soyer some examples. This was not, however, of the monstrous character of Roman debauchery, but arose simply, we believe, in great part from the absence of the resources which we now possess in gratifying the mind on the one hand by intellectual tastes, and the palate on the other, by great store of vegetables, and such substances as tea and coffee.\* All the heroes of primitive times, Homeric, Ossianic, and Scandinavian, when not fighting, speechifying, gaming, or singing, are eating and drinking, and so the long and profuse banquets of the middle ages may have arisen in great part from there being little else for the great men to do. Hence history, as well as experience tells us, that intellectual tastes are ever the best antidote to a too great indulgence in sensual pleasures.

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\* Some of the dishes which were favourites with our ancestors have perhaps been unnecessarily discarded. For instance, the whale and porpesc. We know that the flesh of young whales is highly esteemed at Bermuda. It is worth while trying how far the porpesc is edible. Vast shoals of them occur off the coast of Ireland; and the blubber is very valuable. If the flesh were equally so, the fishery of these creatures might be another of the resources of Ireland.

We must now take leave of M. Soyer's 'Pantropheon,' and, not having leisure to treat of the recipes of modern cookery, give some illustrations which may serve to show how capable science is of throwing light on the processes of cookery, and economizing the supplies of human food.

The principles of cookery may be illustrated by a reference to a few of the ordinary processes. For example, the boiling of food produces a more or less perfect separation of the soluble from the insoluble constituents of flesh. The water, after flesh has been boiled in it, contains several inorganic salts, and several of the other soluble constituents of flesh, particularly salts formed by a new acid derived from the flesh, termed inosinic acid. Now as flesh employed as food is to become flesh again in the body, the fewer of its component parts that are separated the better, if we are to eat the boiled flesh. The longer therefore meat is boiled, and the larger the quantity of water, the more the quantity extracted will be, and the less fit will be the residue for food. Again: by means of infusion and washing in cold water, sufficiently prolonged, the whole of the albumen and odorous principles are removed.\* Upon the quantity of albumen, and an odorous principle—ozmazone associated with it—depend the quality, tenderness, and flavour of the meat. These principles exist between the fibres of the meat, and may be coagulated by too much boiling. The flesh to be boiled should be put into the boiler when the water is boiling briskly; this quickly coagulates the outside rind, and causes the juices to be retained. The temperature should then be allowed to fall, and cold water added, if requisite, to effect this, and the temperature retained for some hours at about 160 degrees; thus the albumen coagulates gradually from the circumference inwards, and the flesh retains its juiciness, and almost resembles roast meat in flavour.

As albumen coagulates at 140 degrees, it might be supposed that in cooking meat it was not necessary to expose it to a higher temperature. But at that point the colouring matter of the blood is not yet coagulated, and the flesh has a bloody appearance, so that a higher temperature is requisite. The enveloping of small pieces of meat in lard prevents evaporation of water, and keeps the meat more juicy. In this way small birds are often cooked.

When soup is to be made, different rules must be acted upon

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\* The readers of Izaak Walton will note how particular he is in his directions as to dressing the more insipid kinds of fish, not to allow them to be washed too much. For example, 'the chub being thus used, and dressed presently, and not washed after he is gutted (for note that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness), you will find the chub, being dressed in the blood, and quickly, to be such meat as will recompence your labour.'



from those to be kept in view in boiling meat. Then, of course, the great object is to obtain from the meat all its soluble portions. For this purpose, meat chopped as fine as possible should be mixed with about its weight of water, the two heated slowly together, and brought as slowly to boil as possible, then boiled for only a few minutes and strained. In this way almost every particle of real nutriment is extracted. Long continued boiling answers no end except to extract from the meat a quantity of gelatine whose nutritious powers are of no moment.

Vegetable food produces in the living body blood and flesh, but not with the same rapidity as animal food; and of all the aliments, soup prepared in the manner above stated is by far the most nutritious.

‘Soup,’ says Liebig, ‘is the medicine of the convalescent. No one estimates its value more highly than the hospital physician, for whose patients, soup, as a means of restoring the exhausted strength, cannot be replaced by any other article of the pharmacopœia. Its reviving and restoring action on the appetite, on the digestive organs, the colour and general appearance of the sick, is most striking.’

He goes on:—

‘Sagacious and experienced physicians, and of those especially Parmentier and Prout, have long ago endeavoured to procure a more extended application of the extract of meat. “In the supplies of a body of troops,” says Parmentier, “eating of meat would offer to the severely wounded soldier a means of invigoration, which, with a little wine, would instantly restore his powers, exhausted by great loss of blood, and enable him to bear the being transported to the nearest field-hospital.” “We cannot,” says Prout, “imagine a more fortunate application: What more invigorating remedy, what more powerfully-acting *panacea*, than a portion of genuine extract of meat dissolved in a glass of noble wine? The most *recherché* delicacies of gastronomy are all for the spoiled children of wealth! Ought we to have nothing, then, in our field-hospitals for the unfortunate soldier, whose fate condemns him to suffer for our benefit the horrors of a long death struggle amid snow and the mud of swamps?”’

In the Ukraine and Podolia, in Australia and Buenos Ayres, vast quantities of cattle are slaughtered for the hides and tallow; what is more simple than to make extract of flesh of the meat? Liebig states that this extract cannot be produced in Germany for less than six or seven shillings a pound! If proper precautions are taken in freeing the extract from fat, it keeps perfectly well, with a little seasoning, in air-tight vessels, and there seems therefore no reason why the manufacture of this article might not be carried on in those countries where animal food is cheap.

An erroneous idea was long entertained that gelatine was the true nutritive matter of soup. Hence it was believed that good soup could be made from bones, tendons, and other waste parts

of meat. We now know that gelatine adds nothing to the nutritive powers of meat, for a chemical reason, which, fully explored, would lead too much into minute details. Suffice it to say, that gelatine itself may be derived from albumen, but from gelatine nothing is extracted but excretory principles. Almost all the portable soups ordinarily sold are made on erroneous principles, and are loaded with gelatine in consequence of long continued boiling of flesh, instead of the genuine extract of meat. Turtle soup, and the glutinous soups of the Chinese, made from shark's fins, and the nests of birds, are more injurious than beneficial, from the excess of gelatine they contain.

In roasting meat, similar precautions to those used in boiling it are required. In all cases, the temperature at first should be great, and gradually reduced; the object being to coagulate the outer rind and preserve the juices in the interior.

The theory of manures is intimately connected with that of food, and both together with the wonderfully complicated system of nature—complicated in our explanations, yet rendered more and more simple as we get deeper in our analyses. Men and animals are but so many receivers occupied in a perpetual distillation, taking from the rest of the universe the materials necessary to their existence, and restoring them to their mother earth, and at the last there remains what we may well style a *caput mortuum*. We may congratulate ourselves, that science in our time has emerged from the region of unprofitable theories and discussions, and has been brought to bear upon the practical business of life. And such labours as those of Professor Liebig are especially calculated to realize the lessons of Lord Bacon to increase the resources of mankind, and diminish the amount of human suffering. It is much to be regretted that in this country more ample means are not provided for the support of researches which promise to yield so vast a harvest of profit as those connected with organic chemistry.

ART. III.—*Struggles for Life; or, the Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister*. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1854. pp. 372.

THE title of this work is calculated to arrest attention and excite curiosity. Each word conveys a world of meaning, and exacts much sympathy. The class to which the author belongs can hardly fail to be moved by the virtual promise of a life-history, which shall chronicle their own experience in the broad outline at least, which may contribute to their store of practical wisdom,

and must either supply new encouragement in their sacred task, or impose afresh the meek silence of resignation. It is a natural and estimable eagerness which professional men feel to trace the steps which have led their brethren to success, and it is by no means a morbid sentiment, which, at other times, induces them to linger over the sorrowful story of disappointment and failure. Their track lies through a well-travelled country, and they are equally grateful to the one who describes its wealth, beauty, and hospitality, and to the other who remembers and recounts only its perils.

The preacher of the Gospel is to be commended rather than condemned for the display of a like curiosity; for in his solemn office, and amidst the innumerable possibilities of his experience, no help can be righteously dispensed with, no warning can be safely despised. At best he is but human, and the one work ever before him is divine; the disproportion between the responsibility and the power would deter him from the undertaking altogether, or crush him down in the midst of his toil, unless he could learn how the brethren and fathers exhibited and applied that grace in which he is bidden to trust. To confirm this, we need only refer to the advice which has long been as an heir-loom in the church. Let biography be the minister's hand-maid to study and devotion, for the tale of a good man's life is food for a godly soul. Expectation may well be awake when one steps forth from the living ranks to animate or counsel his fellow soldiers of the cross—to fight his battles o'er again—to show them when to strive—when submission and retreat are wise, and then 'how fields are won.' Struggles! It is a marvellous word. Struggles for life! What a stake on the issue—how mighty the incentive to effort. But all men have more or less to struggle for life, many to little purpose, some utterly in vain. The wide world resounds day and night with the unceasing strife. Why pause to hear one amongst so many—to hear a tale which every hour repeats to every man? By a minister? Then we approach the scene of conflict with reverence and special interest:—for the minister's work and the minister's life are one, and the banner he uplifts lends sanctity to the meanest, and glory to the greatest of his sorrows. But this struggler is a dissenter, and thus the general interest of his narrative is poured through a burning focus on those who have been moved by pride or principle to a life of antagonism and protest—on those whose ordinary and professional trials are greatly complicated by the attitude they have assumed towards the dead letter of precedent and the living influence of fashion. But this tale of special difficulty, wrapped up in the word dissent, is only half told, if we forget its element of voluntarism. Literally, he that seeks the highest place in the church of the Redeemer, will in one way or



other, realize the Redeemer's word, and become 'the servant of all.' His bread, though earned over and over again, is still the bread of dependence. The precise form in which he shall manifest his loyalty to the only master will often be hampered, if not modified by the opinion or wish of the least among the brethren.

We have no wish to conceal or soften the asperities of a dissenting minister's lot; on the contrary, we glory in them as palpable marks of a scriptural constitution, as forming a main part of that discipline, by which pastor and people alike are trained for the noblest kind of obedience—the most efficient because the purest service—and ultimately for the enjoyment of heaven. Others have adopted man's ingenious devices for lessening the offence and burden of the cross, but dissenters cling to the bare cross, well assured that in this matter relief gained is power lost; and declining the well-intentioned artifice of man they are content, nay, they feel bound, to strive so that in their special business they may obtain the promised mastery. It would be wrong indeed to suppose that a work such as is implied by the title of that before us, must be exclusively, or anything more than primarily, interesting to the professional reader, or to the members of the dissenting ministry. For though the author is no ex-dissenter to revile a forsaken sect, and thus to pander to the depraved appetite of scornful bigots, or to display the tatters of human imperfection, as the common apparel of Puritan communities, that he may win a sneer from the ungodly, yet is there the promise at any rate, of much that may explain to them that are without the strange mystery, that men should, age after age, and with all deliberation, choose affliction with the people of God rather than the immunity and present tranquillity of a dishonest compromise. And again, it is surely not a vain hope, that the layman will rejoice in an opportunity of scanning the sorrows of a heart that has been known to him through life chiefly as a source of counsel and solace, and of reciprocating in some measure the sympathy unpurchaseable so often extended to his own narration of anxiety and grief.

Thus much for the title—in itself a sufficient advertisement—and now for the contents and character of the work. We frankly confess to some measure of disappointment; our expectations were indeed high, but after reconsideration, they appear to have been warranted by the novel and startling announcement. The terms employed were such as led to the hope of something far more thorough, more extensive, and withal, more mature than the volume before us. The author has very properly and successfully purged himself from the suspicion of having imitated De Quincy in a similar work; but we venture to say that it would have been perfectly fair, and in every way an improve-

ment, if after seeing De Quincy's pleasant book, he had appropriated a part of its title, and announced his own work as 'Selections Grave and Gay, FROM the Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister;' adding, 'together with occasional, but very copious notices of men and things; of doctrine, discipline, literature, polemics, homelectics, politics, missions; of the past, present, and future; besides other matters too numerous to mention.' Or leaving De Quincy altogether (as amongst recent autobiographers he actually is) alone, he might very truly have ushered his work into the world as 'Miscellaneous Illustrations of the Special Providence of God, in connexion with the Work of the Ministry;' or thus, 'The Divine Call to the Work of the Pastorate, with illustrations of the Sovereignty and Wisdom of God in the Realization of His Will, and of the Faithfulness of God in the Guidance and Support of the Servant whom He hath chosen,' or some shorter title to the same effect, if any shorter can be found adequate to the description of the work. But an autobiography it is *not*, and should never have been so announced. Whatever merit the book may have, it has the serious defect of a misleading title.

The faithful record of a man's own life, especially if his career has been public and eminent, is the best boon he can bequeath to the world; but to secure faithfulness, and to impart value to self-portraiture, demand many requisites, besides honest intention. There must be, for instance, habitual self-dissection, and it must be skilfully, as well as regularly and candidly performed. There must be vigilant discrimination between the circumstances which help to mould the man and those that merely yield to him as he floats in their midst, between the events which supply growth to character, and those which have a superficial importance merely, and leave no impression, save on the memory and fancy. There must be presence of mind, prompt to recognise any decided phase of opinion, temper, sentiment, or affection, whenever it re-appears; not that its re-appearance must necessarily be recorded, but that the minute of its former occurrence, and the calculation of its former influence may be canvassed anew, and if needful be re-adjusted. There must be a continual reference of action to principle, where such a reference would be upright; and where action has resulted from no operating principle, it must be noted as an instance of dereliction, or discarded from the narrative as of no account. If the self-portraiture be that of a religious man, all skill, caution, honesty, must be redoubled, not only because the object to be attained is of unbounded importance, but also because the mingling and conflicting influences of piety and corruption, faith and flesh, hope and fear, have the almost constant effect of perplexing the self-judgment, and distorting the

actual experience. If a minister of the Gospel undertakes to draw aside the veil of his official life, and to lay bare that world within, where anguish of every kind has smouldered far away from all human notice, where joy unspeakable has nestled and dwelt while the world deemed him sad, that scene of strife, vicissitude, and grief, where the measure of his Lord's sufferings has been filled up, then indeed no wisdom of man, however ripe, will be all-sufficient, no help from God superfluous, for a vital error here will perpetuate itself; through a thousand channels will the mischief roll, and as it rolls will grow. And yet when a sire in Israel, whose faith and virtue, wisdom and charity, have been braced by the rough but salutary probation of a life, drops ripened wisdom for the benefit of the yet untried, we accept with a confidence as sincere as the eagerness with which we expected the great benefaction, we rejoice to sit beneath the goodly tree, and when the later winds of life are blowing, to gather at once the sere leaf and the glowing fruit, gaining beyond all doubt priceless benefit from both. The withered leaf courts our analysis, and wins our thanks, because through it the fruit drank in its nourishment, and beneath it the fruit was sheltered.

Such was the treasure we dreamed would soon be ours, when the 'Struggles for Life' was announced; and the curious thought was busy with some dozen names, in themselves guarantees that we should not be disappointed. Again we say we are disappointed, but not dissatisfied with the fact as it is, nor at all disposed to be sarcastic about mountains and mice. There is much interest and merit—a series of incidents, which, without straining, serve as illustrative proofs of some of the most sublime and assuring truths in connexion with the administration of Providence, and the glorious design of human redemption. There is the scrupulous nicety of a mind sustained by principle and nerved by trial. There is the sagacity of a man who has systematically laid his own experience and adventures under contribution in his study of humanity. There is the combined sternness and genial kindness of a heart that has suffered much and conquered much; the firm front of rebuke for the wavering, softening now into a smile of encouragement, and again into the tear of sympathy for the brother of little faith and sore affliction; and generally both narrative and disquisition attest the excellence of style which diligence in reflection and study may secure in spite of early neglect or disadvantage; although, in many parts, we are reminded rather of the fervent eloquence suited to the pulpit than of the *ad unguem* care and gravity so weighty and effective through the medium of the press. On such grounds we plead for the author, that the public do not estimate the performance in sight of the promise; for viewed in that light it is a failure, while intrinsically



it may boast no little worth. A glance at the table of contents will justify our division of the work into four parts, and at the same time substantiate the charge of failure already preferred. One half the book is occupied by an account of literal struggles for life and livelihood, amusing enough in some instances, almost romantic both in its light and in its serious anecdote; and at the same time, redeemed from the dreariness of commonplace by the pervading influence of the sacred ambition to minister in the Gospel of Christ—an ambition which seemed indeed pure, and even divine in its origin, but still to all human appearance sheer infatuation. One third of the entire book is descriptive of that ambition realized in the lowly but trying duties of the village pastorate. Somewhat less than one tenth is devoted to the ministrations and experience of a larger sphere; or, as the author terms it, in contrast with the first field, 'the other side of the hedge.' And the rest of the three hundred and seventy-two pages are enriched by as much wisdom as we could expect in all reason from a pastoral experience which, though various, and at least two-sided, is comparatively meagre and very brief.

The very dawn of the author's existence was overcast by parental misfortune and personal suffering, so that (to use his own striking words) he was 'peculiarly the ward of God—laid in helpless infancy at the feet of Providence, like the child Moses by the waters of the Nile.' Poverty of the most painful kind—poverty after a life of toil, and coming suddenly across the prospects of competence—poverty through the faithlessness and fraud of others—awaited, and indeed hastened, the birth of the writer; but beneath the external meanness of his lot, the wise father preserved unhurt the riches of faith—the mother bowed her heart in patience towards the Lord as she bent over the pallet of the sickly child—and her sorrows, manifold, were lost in deep pity for an infant's woes. Infancy was in this case a blank—there was no growth for thirty months, and until the sixth year there was no hope of anything beyond a feeble and stricken existence; but by one of those accidents which a good man truly ascribes to the interference of Providence, the sixth year became the first of a healthier life—and the brain, relieved from its disease, commenced its long suspended functions. Knowledge was acquired with a rapidity which more than compensated for the long continuance of the fallow season, and the inclinations were attracted powerfully to sacred truth, as if in grateful acknowledgment for the unlooked-for blessing of a sound mind. The fairy lore of the neighbourhood was, as usual, at fault—and poverty, verging on starvation, stayed not the development of the till then dormant nature; cares enough to corrode the merely human heart, served only to polish into brilliance the humble

graces of the parent's heart—for this parent was a Christian—and in the exemplification of that highest name, he won the imitation, and well deserved the gratitude of the child who, years afterwards,—exulting in the glory of that Christianity which had moulded and blessed alike father and son—thus wrote :

‘I’ve seen it press an infant to its breast,  
And kiss away his troubles ; seen it take  
An old grey-headed man, oppressed with years,  
And wrinkled o’er with sorrow, and disclose  
A prospect to his vision, which hath made  
The old man sing with gladness.’—p. 51.

Early youth was distracted between the desire for knowledge and the hard necessity for labour in order to obtain the means of knowledge ; but even when cut off from suitable opportunities, the boy found exercise for his superior acquirements in composing love letters for his amorous but illiterate companions, one of which memory has preserved for our inspection, and which we make bold to say met with more success than it deserved. A crown piece of his own earning introduced the young aspirant to the academy of one Jerome Brake, and the said Brake was not a little astonished during a kind of preliminary colloquy, when the stripling reported himself rich in the way of school books ; possessing as he did, and (if we mistake not) having read ‘Boston’s Fourfold State,’ ‘Paley’s Works,’ ‘Paradise Lost,’ &c.—rather a strange assortment of elementary works, but quite as likely to enlighten the juvenile mind as the sonorous utterances of the village pedagogue, who vented his reverence and wonder at once by saying, ‘Do you mean to say, Master Thomas, or imply, or intimate, that you have brought the fervent Boston . . . and the celestial Milton—always excepting his unholy republican propensities—to Tanker-hill school with you as elementary educational auxiliaries from which you anticipate assistance ?’

The fifteenth year launches the author a little way and roughly into life—nominally the servant of an easy master, though in reality the slave and victim of a managing termagant ; but the lad had the spirit which submits, indeed, but only till it can escape. In a new situation he sought and found at least a temporary improvement. While in this employment, the religion which he had been constrained to admire in the life of a father became his own—a dearly loved possession ; and, the desire for knowledge still increasing, while opportunity once more favoured the desire, he was thrown into the closest intimacy with young men of the right stamp, and formed friendships never to be broken.

From some unexplained motive, but probably from the prompting of a laudable ambition, the place of nativity and home became too strait, and the young candidate for great things

cast an uneasy and speculating glance on the great world. Many cities tempted his inexperienced mind, but stately Edinburgh won the day; and in the far-famed city he began, in painful earnest, that battle of life which the poor young man, at any rate, must fight, having for his sole capital a sanguine temperament, a few shillings, and a deceptive bundle of recommendatory letters. Amid the fluctuations of his fortune in Edinburgh the desire for the work of Christ was never altogether lost; and the purpose of God in this matter may be seen in the retrospect steadily, but almost imperceptibly, working itself out.

A suitable, though at the time an improvident, marriage—his occupation in a controversy which ultimately rent in twain the old fabric of the Scottish establishment—death, and then bankruptcy, in the firm which he served—a mistake in the post-office—a storm at sea—a brief engagement in a mercantile house—new poverty, sweet, though trying, inasmuch as it was for conscience sake—an advertisement in a provincial paper—an appointment to something very like ministerial work—all these things led surely to the desired calling; the wish of boyhood, and the prayer of manhood, were at length fulfilled; and we are introduced to the first pastorate—the village life, the cloudy side of the hedge. It was not all clouds, but there were a great many for so small a sky. They were not blacker than other clouds, or more numerous than under other skies, but their fleeting shadows are retained as if by daguerreotype; and we are thankful for their preservation, not because of their strangeness, but just exactly because they are very common in fact, but not very commonly, or very faithfully reported. These clouds were for the most part such as might be expected, or, at least, such as are generally found, in a village ministry—a very narrow sphere—a very ignorant audience—a very exacting church—a considerable amount of individual eccentricity in circumstances which make eccentricity a nuisance—a perplexing diversity of opinion on many matters, but especially on doctrines and the mode of preaching—a perfect inquisition of neighbourly curiosity; a thriving family with a stationary income which, stretched to its utmost under the excitement of novelty, holds out no suggestion of increase, and, to one mind at least, hints probable decrease; add for a back-ground the lethargic pride of the rector and the meddling zeal of the curate, the hideous spectacle of irreclaimable vice amid the sparkling innocence and purity of nature, the general lack of healthful and refreshing society, having to depend for relaxation and improvement on the resources of an exhausted mind, a narrow library, a borrowed newspaper, an occasional circular from a publisher exciting most extravagant desires, and soliciting subscriptions which, if promised, could never be paid; or, per-



chance, a letter from an old and distant friend, who forgets that time has lapsed, and cases have altered, and, therefore, writes as if he had always been a stranger. These are some of the clouds of that narrow strip of sky beneath which many village pastors live, toil, and suffer. But they are not the heaviest; they are but the bigness of a man's hand compared with some which hover near, and sometimes fall upon, the heart. The humbler walks of ministerial life are often represented with truth as exempt from the overwhelming temptations of a crowded and excited society; but as every line of life has its own peculiar trials, so also will it be found that the lowly minister is assailed by trials which, if not resisted with a stout heart and buoyant faith, will insidiously work his moral degradation and spiritual poverty. Comparison between the prosperous fame of the city orator and his own unchronicled and obscure toil is, perhaps, unavoidable; but it is full of danger to his peace, to his manly and Christian virtue. If pursued to any extent in any spirit but that of a resignation and a generous joy, it will either breed envy, and thus induce the supineness and peevishness of discontent, or it will lead to such debasing views of self as will presently manifest themselves in the most absurd and loathsome species of flattery. Self-reliance will be replaced by that pitiful fawning which weakens the subject and repels the object. A sure preventive to such mischief may be found in familiarizing the mind with those nobler characteristics of the great commission which belong in equal measure to the apostle and the teacher. When the contemplative mind is absorbed by the spiritual majesty of the great vocation, the idle prating of popularity will be disregarded as a mere accident, as savouring of the earth and flesh; and, at the very best, it will be suffered to float past as a very feeble echo of that voice which even now stirs the faint heart, and will hereafter shake the heaven itself—the voice of Divine approbation.

In the eye of man there is some meaning in the relative terms great and small as applied to the preachers of righteousness; but in the Saviour's kingdom, one greatness and one glory, so transcendent and so dazzling as to confound all human distinction, belong to every herald of the cross; or, taking much lower ground, there should surely be motive sufficient to restrain the petulance of envy, and conserve the dignity of independence in the consideration, that while the one labourer only just discharges his duty with all that can stimulate his powers and smooth his course, the other may do the same work in spite of obstacle and the bondage of circumstances; or, supposing the work done by each different from that of the other, each is doing a work for which the other is unfit, but which that other might be thankful to accomplish.

Moreover, the routine of the rural pastorate is eminently conducive to the habit of reverie ; and though solitary musing may well be called the nurse of great actions in their infancy, it is a nurse that requires constant superintendence, lest the evil and worthless grow up beside and beyond the good. If musing degenerate into brooding, both leanness and rottenness will enter into the soul. Sins long forgotten and truly forgiven, mistakes long since rectified, will lower heavily on the brooding thought, until the whole spirit is unmanned, as if haunted by a perpetual curse. Self-questioning will awake long sleeping doubt ; doubt will quickly settle down to the certainty of despair ; the covenant, and the oath, and the love divine, will become as quenched fires, leaving the soul in darkness to the havoc and ravage of spiritual foes. Who can gainsay the dreadful power of Satan, even in the wilderness ? Who amongst the brethren can condemn, or fail to pity the victim ?

Scattered amongst the clouds of our Struggler's hemisphere are several prominent bodies, which we suppose he regarded as stars, and accordingly took some pains to place them in his little map. The first, however, in the list, makes but an indifferent star, and belongs rather to the cloudy family, Mr. Ardphist, with plenty of money, of course, but a stranger to the blessedness of giving, unless we except the instance of his gratuitous and 'villanous flute-playing ;' but we cannot make even this exception, for his melody answered all the purposes of seat-rent in his own worthy judgment. Mark him well, for in almost every country chapel you will see him again. Next, we have portrayed a worthy, and, we are glad to think, a very common character, under the name of James Hedger, a man of God in very truth, a relief, a safety-valve, a balance in connexion with his fellow-deacon, William Small, who was small every way and everywhere but in his own opinion, for we are told that 'to express an opinion different from his was as painful as if you had punctured him with one of his own needles' (he being a tailor). The trio of officials was completed and sobered by the presence of Daniel Hayall, who was 'a singular being, afflicted with constitutional melancholy.'

There may be some truth in the observation of one Mrs. Hoble in this volume, that if ministers have more than £60 per annum 'they wont preach experience ;' yet ministers themselves are apt to think that by an increase of income their experience may be profitably diversified, and their preaching acquire corresponding freedom and force. Now, as the good people of Willowfield were unable to extend the range of their pastor's experience in this direction, the pastor took the matter into his own hands ; with a brave heart he dismantled the largest room of his cottage, substituting a long desk and forms for the polite but too independent

tables and chairs; and forthwith the parsonage became a school. This work, however, was little to the taste of the Struggler (no discredit to him, by the way, for assuredly the needful gift of perseverance in this business is even rarer than the needful skill). Literature beckoned him from tuition, but treated him after her usual fashion with novices—that is, very scurvily. The pages which were the product of his extra toil were in one sense mere spoiled paper, and were doomed to meet scarcely any eye but that of the weary and wondering compositor and that of the surfeited yet charitable reviewer, while the result, as a matter of money, was a balance due to the printer amounting to £37 10s. This to most minds would have been a sign to keep silence for the time to come; but in this case it acted as a powerful stimulant to fresh literary effort, and this new effort served to repair the failure of the former at the same time that it assisted directly in removing the writer to a home in which his experience, whether better or worse, was certainly not made to depend upon sixty pounds a-year.

Prelatestown is the pseudonym of the new field of labour (and we believe that the disguise in the name is exceedingly thin), and here were found many ameliorations, but also many new difficulties in the pastor's lot, as we conclude from the caution given to such as are following in his steps, and deem every change a change for the better. 'Let him not, however, deceive himself with the hope that the new sphere will be all sunshine and flowers, all odours and song. Such scenes of labour are not appointed for servants who, whilst in the service, are being personally trained by it.' The struggles of the village are resumed in the town; but the impression left on the reader's than mind is that it is decidedly better to swim in the buoyant sea in the stagnant pond.

Effort, talent, and piety, if they overcome one kind of difficulty, are sure to encounter and, indeed, to create a new kind. In this case they have filled the chapel, and the urgent necessity for a new temple stares the author and the reader in the face. We are almost inclined to be vexed, but will content ourselves with being astonished, at the boldness with which the worthy man seeks to avail himself of the public sympathy, in his struggles, with a view to the erection of a new, '*large, commodious, well-situated, and plain chapel, with one-third of its sittings entirely free for the use of the poor; and with school-rooms attached for the unsectarian, scriptural education of the children of the humbler classes.*' This is certainly an ingenious mode of begging, reminding one—rather unpleasantly of William Huntington's broad unmistakeable hints in his '*Bank of Faith,*' and other works. We are inclined, however, to term it a respectable device compared with the old system, under which



worthy and sensitive pastors were literally compelled to tramp from counting-house to mansion, and from chapel to shop, in hopes of an alms of compassion in place of the offering which Christian principle is all-sufficient to prompt, and Christian willingness forward to bestow ; and though somewhat obtrusive in the middle of a goodly octavo, it is a less offensive appeal than such as used to be presented at the close of an occasional service in a brother's pulpit : such, for instance, as we remember hearing from the lips of a worthy minister from abroad in a metropolitan pulpit, who excelled other solicitors of contributions in that his whole sermon bore gradually and heavily on the practical conclusion at which he aimed. Choosing for his subject the new threshing machine mentioned in Isaiah, he enumerated six teeth or flails, amongst them several religious societies, railroads, steamboats, and lastly, the new chapel at ——— ; and the peroration, as might be expected, was of a very material and practical character, announcing his intention of waiting on the congregation at their respective abodes in the course of the week.

The concluding chapter, entitled 'the Past and the Future,' contains many noble views of the government of God, the power of the Gospel, and the prospects of the Church ; and though we cannot select any passage on the ground of originality or extraordinary grandeur, the whole chapter is in an instructive and inspiring strain ; many truths receive prominent notice, which hitherto have only occasionally and transiently sparkled in more earnest and thoughtful addresses from the pulpit.

We take our leave of the author with a regret which he must translate into a compliment. We regret that he wrote so soon : for though forty years of life is a large space, it is not necessarily fertile in such wisdom as is needed at the present day by the world and the Church ; and though the incidents of ministerial life among dissenters are much the same in every case, the ripening influence of such a life on opinion and character is but slow in operation. For opinions and character thus formed we cannot be grateful ; but we look for them not from the man who has struggled for life through forty years, but from the diary of one who, through forty years or more, has served the people of the Lord.

We find the book very genial and healthful in its spirit ; and can, therefore, endorse the highest praise which the author ventures to claim for it ; we can confidently predict that it will be extensively read, if only for the sake of the title, and thus the publishers will gain *their* end ; and while the prophetic mood is on us, let us say perhaps it may prove the corner-stone of the new sanctuary, and thus one, at least, of the *author's* objects will be gained.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Whig Party During my Time.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. Vol. II. Post 8vo. pp. 356. London: Longman and Co.

THE first volume of this work was noticed in our journal for May, 1852, and we have no disposition to modify the commendatory terms then employed. The reputation of Holland House may probably have induced exaggerated expectations, and the consequence, in many cases, has been disappointment. We have experienced nothing of this kind. The book is much what we looked for; its qualities are precisely those we anticipated; and its tendency is both pleasing and instructive. With all our admiration of Lord Holland, we never regarded him in the light in which he has been painted by some eulogists. He was no genius. His powers were neither profound nor original. He was no philosopher nor poet. Neither his intellect nor his imagination was of the highest order. He was far from being, or deeming himself to be, one of those rare spirits occasionally vouchsafed to our world, as if for the purpose of showing what man's nature may become in its higher and more illustrious forms. But his mental endowments were, at the same time, thoroughly respectable; while his genial temper, kindly disposition, truthfulness, and candor, secured the affection and confidence of all who were admitted to his intimacy. We are not therefore surprised at the glowing language in which the circle of Holland House has been painted by some of his lordship's admirers. He was just the man to give grace and dignity to social life. The attachments he awakened were strong and lasting; and if the language of friendship sometimes borders on hyperbole when describing his qualities, we can readily understand, and are scarcely disposed to blame, the enthusiasm of the artist. Nothing is more natural than the preponderance of bright and glowing colors, in depicting the countenance of a friend who is tenderly loved.

Lord Holland was one of the most liberal noblemen of his times. His liberality indeed was not that of our day, but it was greatly in advance of his class. He inherited the views of his illustrious uncle, and was true to the cause of constitutional freedom when William Pitt preached a crusade against it, and Edward Burke and the Portland whigs, went over to the ministerial camp. The views of such a man, 'respecting public events and public characters,' must always be read with pleasure. His opportunities of observation were extensive, his truthfulness

was undoubted, and his candor conspicuous. Such was the impression with which we commenced perusing the work, and now that we have arrived at the close of the second volume, this impression is greatly strengthened. Allowance must, of course, be made for the party predilections of the author. This is obviously required, and is specially needful in the case of those whigs, such as Lord Erskine, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Windham and others, who were not admitted to the entire confidence of 'our party.' The portraits of these men are too much shaded, but the illustrious artist was evidently unconscious of the influence under which he painted. There is injustice, but no malice, in his sketches. He wrote as he felt, and in the main his delineations are correct.

The former volume closed with the death of Fox, on the 13th of September, 1806. This event, as was not unnatural, powerfully affected his nephew, whose views of public life were bound up with the reputation and official interests of Mr. Fox. 'It seems extraordinary,' says Lord Holland, 'that I was induced immediately after his death, not only to take a part in public affairs, but to accept an office in the administration.' This was written in 1812, and was transcribed in 1824, and the narrative now given was designed to explain the 'motives and the circumstances' which led to so unlooked-for a result. George III., it is well known, never liked the Fox and Grenville administration. Its principles were far too liberal for his narrow and bigoted mind. He submitted to it as a necessity, but did all in his power to damage its reputation and derange its councils. The same duplicity as had been complained of in the earlier portions of his reign marked his communications with its members, and the death of Mr. Fox was consequently regarded as affording him an opportunity of dismissing them from his service:—

'The king,' says Lord Holland, 'had watched the progress of Mr. Fox's disorder. He could hardly suppress his indecent exultation at his death. He gave, however, Lord Grenville his full confidence in appearance, and even enjoined him to take his own time in forming a new administration. He no doubt hoped that Lord Grenville would have recourse to the courtiers and the Pittites to repair the loss which his government had sustained. When, however, his honourable and friendly conduct to the whigs was known, the king acquiesced. Perhaps the plot for defeating the ministry was not yet ripe; perhaps his majesty sagaciously foresaw that they would soon furnish him with a more favourable opportunity. Lord Grenville acted on this occasion with a fairness which secured him the affections of many, and should have dispelled the suspicions of all who had been uniformly attached to Mr. Fox. Had Lord Grenville in the new arrangements sought for strength in the opposite party, had he consulted the wishes of the court rather than his own principles and consistency, he would have



conciliated the king, fixed himself permanently in office, and divested every party in the state of the means of annoying him in Parliament.'—pp. 49, 50.

The death of Mr. Fox necessitated, of course, a new arrangement of offices. Lord Howick (Earl Grey of the Reform Bill) succeeded to the vacant secretaryship, Mr. Grenville was made first Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Tiernay president of the Board of Trade, Lord Sidmouth president of the Council, and Lord Holland, Lord Privy Seal, with a seat in the cabinet. The names of the members of this administration are an ample guarantee of its talent. On this point there can be no question, and had the fate of the ministry been dependent on its ability, a long tenure of office might have been looked for. But there were other sources of weakness, against which the ministers did not guard, and their existence was consequently short-lived. We have already noticed the hostility of the king. It was well known. The courtiers saw it, and the nation at large was aware of the fact. Had Lord Grenville and his associates been 'wise in their generation,' they would have appealed from the court to the people, and by a generous confidence in them have raised up a power, before which even the stubborn monarch must have given way. But the whigs were not prepared for this. They shrank from the alternative as worse than their own exclusion from office, and were consequently at the mercy of a king who waited only a fitting season to dispense with their services. Lord Holland has some sensible remarks on this subject, to which it would have been well for his party if more serious and earlier attention had been paid. The whigs of 1854 are greatly in advance of those of 1806, but they have been slow learners, and their education is yet incomplete. We commend to their study the following sentences transcribed in 1824:—

'Those who set no value on the triumph of a popular election must be prepared to regard the indifference and even the hostility of the public without surprise or indignation. The people will feel no interest in the quarrel of men who have disdained to make common cause with them, or who, when in power, have invited them to no share in it. If you feel not the importance of their suffrages when with you, you will never have them in a moment of difficulty or distress. The sovereign people, like other sovereigns, exact respect, and even flattery, as well as service. The pride which refuses to pay such a tribute, either at court or on the hustings, may be most respectable; but he who indulges it should cast away all ambition. Neither talent nor luck can confer in this country any permanent influence over our councils on a man who has nothing in his character congenial with the prince or the people. Perhaps the ministry of Lord Grenville, the most honest and most useful that I have known, was an

illustration of the truth of this remark. The good will of the people was lost very soon.'—pp. 66, 67.

The questions which were raised on the retirement of Lord Palmerston in 1851, fixed public attention on the constitutional principles involved in the construction of our cabinet, the relation to each other of the various governmental departments, and the subordination of the whole to the premier. Those who are interested in such matters will be gratified to learn what were Lord Holland's views, than whom few men were better fitted to give an impartial opinion. His judgment is the more entitled to weight, as it was founded on a general view of the question, and not on the bearings of any particular case:—

'When I came into office,' says his lordship, 'I was curious to understand the course of proceeding or interior constitution of our Government. It is vague in the extreme, and often irregular and inconvenient. The Cabinet, which is legally only a committee of the Privy Council appointed by the king on each distinct occasion, has gradually assumed the character and in some measure the reality of a permanent council, through which advice on all matters of great importance is conveyed to the Crown. But though the necessity of a well-concerted or party Government in a limited monarchy and popular constitution has generally established the wholesome doctrine, that each and every member of the Cabinet is, in some degree, responsible for the measures adopted by the Government while he is a member of it, yet there are no precise laws nor rules, nor even any well-established or understood usages which mark what measures in each department are or are not to be communicated to the Cabinet. Measures of foreign policy seem, indeed, more emphatically designated by the history of the origin of this committee in Charles II.'s time, by usage and by reason as the objects of their deliberation. Yet there is nothing but private agreement or party feeling generally, or the directions of the king accidentally, which obliges even a secretary for foreign affairs to consult his colleagues on any of the duties of his office before he takes the king's pleasure upon them. In all administrations I believe, and in ours I am sure, his dispatches, his measures, and even his appointments were more generally submitted to the judgment of the Cabinet than those in any other department. When a Cabinet is held at a publick office, it is generally at the Foreign Office. The acts of that office, however, are not invariably nor necessarily laid before the Cabinet; and the secretary of state at his own discretion advises and completes many without any such consultation. In the other branches of administration, such as the Treasury, the Home Secretaryship, the Chancery, the Admiralty, the discretion is yet larger as to the matters in their respective departments on which the ministers take the king's pleasure directly, or previously consult their colleagues before they advise him. Nomination to places is, for obvious reasons, seldom submitted to the consideration of a Cabinet. Yet by usage, arising out of the necessity of placing a large portion of that species of power

in one department, the patronage does *not* always in practice or substance belong to those officers who are the legal channels, and consequently, in a strict constitutional sense, the sole legal and ostensible advisers of the appointment. Thus, for instance, the first lord of the Treasury actually and constantly takes the king's pleasure on the appointment to many dignities and places, to the warrant, patent, or instrument for which, he neither affixes signature nor seal, but which are conferred by the Great Seal, the Privy Seal, and the Signet. Such an undefined distribution of authority, and the want of a distinct line between the jurisdiction of the Cabinet and of the individual ministers who compose it, as well as between the jurisdiction of their respective offices, is sometimes convenient to the publick service; inasmuch as the person whose abilities qualify him for the largest share of power, may from other circumstances be incapacitated from holding the office which would technically render him responsible for the exercise of it. On the other hand, the looseness of the obligation of referring the measures of each department to the Cabinet, and the undefined limits of the authority of many of the high offices, afford great scope for intrigue and cabal with the Crown. A favourite might by these means contrive insensibly to separate his interests from those of his colleagues, and at the secret suggestion of a king thwart the measures and defeat the views of a council which, though not technically, is virtually responsible to the publick for the whole conduct of affairs. These remarks are speculations resulting from reflection, not the fruit of experience. No such inconvenience was felt in Lord Grenville's administration.'—pp. 84-88.

The general reader will be much interested with Lord Holland's sketches of the leading statesmen of his day. There is no great originality in them, but they combine the impressions of an intelligent and candid bystander, and thus aid us to correct some prevalent misconceptions, and to fill up the portraits which otherwise exist in outline. Lord Thurlow, Wedderburn, Nelson, Pitt, Sheridan, Ellenborough, Erskine, and others, are successively introduced; and if occasionally the disparagement of a partisan is visible, we are, on the whole, assisted more accurately to estimate the men whose names are conspicuous on the historic page. The following passage, in which the oratory of Pitt and Fox is compared, is worthy of the nephew of the latter, and furnishes a fair specimen of the work. Warmly as Lord Holland was attached to his uncle, he was too discreet and truthful a man to underrate the abilities of his great opponent. He had frequently listened to both. His impressions were personal, not hereditary; were founded on what he had seen and heard, not gathered from books, nor based on the reports of others. He was evidently solicitous to do justice to each, at the same time that there is a warmth in his description of Mr. Fox's oratory, which would naturally spring from the depth of his attachment:—



‘In quickness of apprehension,’ he says, ‘and readiness of argument he (Pitt) equalled—he could not excel—Mr. Fox: he had, too, a more equal flow of language, and in little matters especially, greater selection, perhaps more elegance and precision of expression. But if his diction was more generally splendid, and his delivery more uniformly dignified, these very excellences rendered his speeches, in some little degree, artificial and monotonous. The light of his eloquence, dazzling as it was, sometimes became fatiguing; and he wanted the pleasantry and illustration to entertain, the warmth of language, feeling, and utterance to stir, and the power and practice of philosophical research, and deep original thinking to enlighten his audience; all which the transcendent genius of his opponent eminently possessed. But as an orator he was a wonderful man. He did not indeed surpass in my judgment—and I believe in his own he did not equal—Mr. Fox; but he certainly came near him, and in the opinion of many kept pace with him. He as certainly contributed to improve him. His keenness in detecting and his felicity in exposing the slightest fallacy, corrected many of the imperfections and reformed some of the negligences of Mr. Fox. True it is that all the powers of the latter were kept in constant exercise to counteract the effect which Mr. Pitt’s ready acuteness and splendid declamation seldom failed to produce. The inferiority of the moderns to the ancient models of taste and eloquence has been often insisted upon, and is, I believe, generally acknowledged; yet I doubt whether at any period, or in any language, two such orators as Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt ever appeared at the same time in the same assembly. At any rate, those who have witnessed their debates in the House of Commons have heard the art of public and unpremeditated speaking in as great perfection as human faculties exercised in our language can attain. What may have been in ancient times, or what might be now the effect of orations carefully composed and admirably delivered by men of great philosophical research and political talents, I know not; but it is difficult to conceive how in readiness of argument and rapid selection of topics any orator could exceed Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox: nor can I believe that any man could without premeditation rival the luminous arrangement, the propriety and splendour of diction of the former; or the rapidity, the force of argument, the pleasantry of illustration, the originality and simplicity of thought, the animation and vehemence of the latter. *Magis pares quam similes* has been more than once applied to these two great orators. There was more inequality in the different passages of the same speech, but less in the speeches of Mr. Fox than in those of his rival. Mr. Fox would have been yet more perfect than he was, had he attended more strictly to method in his discourse; and Mr. Pitt would surely have been more delightful, had he less ostentatiously displayed his arrangement, or could he have mingled a greater variety of manner and matter in his orations. It is also observable that Mr. Fox, who was somewhat negligent on the inferior parts of a question, always rose with his subject and shone brightest on those great occasions when all the passions of his auditors were roused, and all their intelligence called forth by the importance and magnitude of the subject. Mr. Pitt, on

the other hand, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. The slightest and most frivolous detail grew luminous, polished, and splendid as he handled it; the least-striking part of the subject derived interest and importance from his impressive delivery, well-balanced elocution, and fortunate language. If he ever fell short of expectation, if he ever lapsed into cold and trite declamation, it was when great questions of national policy or fundamental principles required the original genius of a statesman, or the deep researches of a philosopher, to manage the discussion.—pp. 37-40.

The relation of the clergy to the whig party has long been matter of remark. The latter have done their utmost to conciliate the hierarchy, and have sometimes lost their friends in consequence. The triumph of the church in Queen Anne's reign has made the followers of Sir Robert Walpole exceedingly sensitive on this point. It has become a settled rule with them to avoid collision with the ecclesiastical power. The church has been a perfect bugbear to whig statesmen, and the measures resorted to in order to conciliate it have sometimes been sufficiently ridiculous. 'You may as well whistle, gentlemen,' we once heard a whig premier say, 'as contend with the church. She will be sure to beat you.' But notwithstanding the truculent policy pursued, the church is as hostile now as in the days of Lord Holland. She has no confidence in the whigs. It is their honor that she has not; and it would redound yet more to their credit, if they honestly followed out the conclusion to which her enmity should lead them. Dependent on popular support, they are mistrusted by a corporation whose interests are distinct from those of the people. The church hates the power which it knows to be gathering strength, and which it fears may yet force for itself a parliamentary expression, through the medium of whig statesmen. The boasted churchmanship of Lord John Russell is utterly unavailing against the bigotry and selfishness of the establishment. Were not the subject too grave for merriment, we should be amused at the wondrous transformations frequently seen, in the case of whig nominees, on the episcopal bench. There is something marvellously potent in a mitre to change a whig rector into a conservative bishop. Amongst the most zealous opponents of ecclesiastical reform, are many who owe their elevation to whig premiers. Lord Holland records an amusing fact in connexion with the ecclesiastical patronage of the Grenville ministry, and it may be taken as an illustration of the contingencies on which the distribution of church preferment rests. The *political* complexion of the hierarchy is a necessary corollary from its union with the state, but the fact may here be seen with a distinctness not often observable:—

'The patronage of a government is not submitted to the consideration. S.—VOL. VII.

tion of a Cabinet; and as my office, the Privy Seal, gave me none, I know little of the history of its distribution during the administration to which I belonged. Nothing in that way was done prejudicial to the publick service; but much that might have strengthened our party and promoted our principles was neglected, especially in the Church. The members, indeed, of that powerful body seemed to conspire against any such project, and to live miraculously for the purpose of baffling the whigs, whom they hated. Never was there a year in which so little ecclesiastical patronage fell. No sooner were we turned out than canons, deans, and bishops began to sing out their *nunc dimittis*, and seemed to be taken at their word by a Providence who rejoiced in an orthodox and no-popery administration. One bishop only died in 1806, and he had become our friend in politicks. This was Dr. Horsley, bishop of St. David's, a man of coarse and vulgar manners, hot temper, and imprudent conduct; but eminent for his attainments in science, and for his polemical writings, and distinguished for ready and powerful eloquence, a bold spirit, and a strong mind. His seat on the bench was supplied by a college friend of Lord Grenville, Dr. Moss, and the preferment he vacated was filled up by parsons of hostile politicks, or of too little note to have any. Not one clergyman of talent distinguished for tolerant opinions in church or state, if we except Mr. Sydney Smith (for whom I procured a living from Lord Erskine), was the better for the only year of power which the whigs have enjoyed since 1784.—pp. 89-91.

The 'Memoirs of Fox,' now in the course of publication, throw much light on the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert. The same circumstances are here recorded at a length which might have been spared, since no doubt now attaches to the fact. Mr. Fox, on one occasion, denied it in the House, and much stress has been laid on his having done so. The advocates of George III. and of his son have availed themselves of the distinct assertion of the whig statesman on this point, though they do not scruple to question his veracity whenever the interests of their royal clients are supposed to require it. That Mr. Fox did so deny it cannot be doubted; but it is now equally clear that his confidence was shamefully abused by the prince. Lord Holland places this beyond question. Fox is vindicated at the expense of the heir apparent, who basely falsified his word, in order to cover the infamy of his procedure. Unscrupulous as the prince is known to have been, we were unwilling to believe that he could stoop so low as to pledge his word to a lie. Let those who still doubt—if there are such—read the evidence now adduced. We are compelled to admit that the fact does not admit of question.

The pecuniary embarrassments of the Prince of Wales led him to conceal his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and to consent to a union with the Princess of Brunswick. His intercourse with



the former had been, for some time, interrupted, and various profligate connexions had taken place. 'Lady Jersey is supposed to have promoted a *publick* and legal marriage as a security against any renewal of intimacy with Mrs. Fitzherbert.' However this may have been—and there is not much doubt of the fact—a more unprincipled or viler transaction has rarely taken place. The personal appearance of the princess was unprepossessing, her manners were coarse and vulgar, and her reputation had been assailed by reports far from creditable. The prince, however, persevered. He wanted his debts paid and his income increased, and as the means of accomplishing these objects he consented to marry a woman whom he disliked. Caroline of Brunswick arrived in England under the tutelage of 'her bitterest enemy,' the Countess of Jersey; and the events which followed form the most disgraceful chapter in the modern history of England. The marriage was clearly distasteful to the prince, who was intoxicated at the ceremony, and never subsequently wavered in the countenance he yielded to those who defamed and insulted his wife. The Duke of Bedford was one of the two unmarried dukes, who, according to ancient custom, supported the prince at the marriage rite; and his brother, writing August 8th, 1836, says—'My brother told me the prince was so drunk that he could scarcely support him from falling. He told my brother he had drunk several glasses of brandy to enable him to go through the ceremony.' From such a commencement we need not wonder at what followed. Had the princess been immaculate as an angel, she could not have hoped for the confidence and love of her husband; but she was nothing of the sort. The profligacy and selfishness of her consort rallied round her popular sympathies. Men felt—and rightly felt—that whatever indiscretions she might commit, however much she might violate the proprieties of her station, the prince was not the man to cast a stone at her. He had failed in every duty, was evidently in league with her bitterest foes, and had set an example of infidelity which outraged public morals, and would have excused, had that been possible, the misconduct of his wife. The unpopularity of the one insured public favour to the other, and sometimes drove the people to the very verge of rebellion. In the course of time the case of the Queen was adopted by the whigs. They sought to make political capital out of it, and they no doubt succeeded so far as greatly to damage the character of their opponents. Yet we must not suppose that they entertained any very exalted opinion of their client. Such a conclusion may be formed on a hasty review of the proceedings of 1820, but the truth of history compels us to say that it was not so;—

'Whatever may be thought,' says Lord Holland, and with this brief

extract we dismiss the subject, 'of the treatment to which she was exposed on her arrival in England, or of the malignity, and possibly the falsehood, of some of the charges subsequently brought against her, or of the somewhat vindictive prosecution of her when queen,—she was at best a strange woman, and a very sorry and uninteresting heroine. She had, they say, some talent, some pleasantry, some good-humour, and great spirit and courage. But she was utterly destitute of all female delicacy, and exhibited in the whole course of the transactions relating to herself very little feeling for anybody, and very little regard for honour or truth, or even for the interests of those who were devoted to her, whether the people in the aggregate, or the individuals who enthusiastically espoused her cause. She avowed her dislike of many; she scarcely concealed her contempt for all. In short, to speak plainly, if not mad, she was a very worthless woman.'—pp. 120, 121.

The fate of the Grenville ministry was ultimately determined by the course they pursued on the Catholic Relief question. The king was known to be hostile to concession. It was one of the points on which his narrow mind fastened with the utmost tenacity. His ministers at the same time felt that something must be done to quiet Ireland. They proposed, therefore, to insert a clause in the Mutiny Bill, enabling his Majesty 'to confer any military commission whatever on any of his liege subjects,' and to this, as a medium measure, George III. assented. He speedily, however, retracted his consent, pleaded conscience, and at length called to his councils Mr. Percival and Lord Eldon. The consultations held on this subject are detailed at considerable length, and throughout the whole, the character of Lord Grenville shone most honorably. 'Unaffectedly desirous to act fairly, and even tenderly by the king, he was yet resolved not to abandon the line of public duty which his conscience dictated, from any consideration of personal feeling or party convenience.' As much cannot be said of some other statesmen who took part in these deliberations. Three are mentioned in the following passage which will be read with interest, but we suspect that the description subsequently given of Lord Erskine is somewhat overcharged:—

'Lord Sidmouth and Lord Ellenborough had always been adverse to the great measure, usually termed Catholic Emancipation. Lord Sidmouth was, after his manner, prolix and pompous in explaining his uniform hostility to the general measure, and his particular reasons for approving of this more limited and partial concession. But both he and Lord Ellenborough, without subterfuge or qualification, declared it to be just, reasonable, expedient, and even necessary. Indeed, the spleen and bitterness of Lord Ellenborough seemed very easily transferred from the Roman Catholics to those who resisted the solitary measure which he had been prevailed to concede. He inveighed in very unmeasured terms against the folly, the absurdity, the *madness* of

rejecting the military aid of Roman Catholics in a period of danger; he held it preposterous that "the whim, the crotchet, *the twist of one man's brain*," should stand in the way of a great public benefit. The same process of reasoning might, one should have surmised, have conducted him further. But the exclusion of one-fifth of his fellow-subjects from all objects of ambition, and their consequent estrangement from our government, were in his mind very explicable without having recourse to the true solution—viz., the folly and madness of one man, and the base servility of others. His father, Bishop of Carlisle, a great ornament of the Low Church, had pushed his doctrines of toleration so far, as to be suspected of socinianism by his brethren. Thus he had imbibed from education the principles of religious liberty; but he had inherited from nature a disposition to intolerance, together with a strong propensity to indulge in personal reflections, coarse language, and virulent sarcasm. The principles in which he was bred, and the temper with which he was born, were at variance with one another. They prevailed alternately, according to the bias given at the moment by his connexions or interests. But his mode of enforcing his opinions was always the same, and always characteristick of a powerful but clumsy understanding, of a frank but uncandid disposition.—pp. 181-183.

The Perceval ministry dissolved the House, and the election which followed was unfavorable to the whigs. We are not surprised at this. A strong feeling, antagonistic to the Catholic claims, existed throughout the country, and every effort was made to misrepresent the views and intentions of the ex-cabinet. The worst prejudices of an ignorant population were appealed to, the old battle cry of the 'church in danger' was raised; and the least intelligent and most rigid type of toryism was installed in power for several years. We can make room only for one more extract, in which the conduct of dissenters is spoken of, and reference made to one of the most extraordinary, though most eccentric, men of our age. In 1807, Henry Brougham was struggling into notice. What is he doing now? Would that we could render a satisfactory reply:—

'We raised a subscription,' says Lord Holland, 'the very day of the dissolution for the management of the press, and the distribution of hand-bills. The sum was small, not exceeding six hundred pounds; and more than a third was wasted before any committee of management was organized. In the meanwhile, the elections went much against us. Even the Dissenters, *upon whom, in a contest with the Crown, the whigs must always mainly rely*, were alarmed at the report of our indulgences to Roman Catholics, and, from prejudice against them, and a misconception of the question, joined in some places with the cry of intolerance in favour of Court and High Church candidates against the friends of religious liberty. The management of our press fell into the hands of Mr. Brougham. With that active and able man I had become acquainted through Mr. Allen, in 1805. At the forma-



tion of Lord Grenville's ministry, he had written, at my suggestion, a pamphlet called 'The State of the Nation.' He subsequently accompanied Lord Rosslyn and Lord St. Vincent to Lisbon. His early connexion with the abolitionists had familiarized him with the means of circulating political papers, and given him some weight with those best qualified to co-operate in such an undertaking. His extensive knowledge and extraordinary readiness, his assiduity and habits of composition, enabled him to correct some articles, and to furnish a prodigious number himself. With partial and scanty assistance from Mr. Allen, myself, and two or three more, he in the course of ten days filled every bookseller's shop with pamphlets, most London newspapers, and all country ones without exception, with paragraphs, and supplied a large portion of the boroughs throughout the kingdom with hand-bills adapted to the local interests of the candidates, and all tending to enforce the principles, vindicate the conduct, elucidate the measures, or expose the adversaries of the whigs. Our appeals were chiefly directed to the Dissenters. We succeeded in allaying their suspicions, and reconciling them to their natural friends so well, that during the latter elections they were at least neutral, and in many instances zealous supporters of the whig candidates. The elections, however, were, on the whole, unfavourable to opposition.'—pp. 227-229.

To what extent this work will proceed we know not. Judging from what has already appeared, we suppose that its limits will be considerable, and that several volumes yet remain to be published. We see no reason for the long delay of the present, and hope that such as are to follow will be issued with much greater rapidity. It is advisable, also, that more attention be paid to the editorial department, with a view specially of excluding such matters as have been anticipated by Mr. Moore's Diary, or other similar works.

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ART. V.—*Report to the General Board of Health on an Inquiry into the New Works of Sewerage, Drainage, and Water-supply; on the Sanitary Condition of the Inhabitants of Tottenham, in the County of Middlesex.* By Walter Lewis, M.B., Cantab., F.G.S. 1853.

2. *Letter, Descriptive of Cultivation by Sewer and Liquid Manures in England and Scotland.* By the Hon. Dudley F. Fortescue. pp. 8. Her Majesty's Stationary Office. 1852.
3. *A Third Paper on British Agriculture.* By I. J. Mechi. London: Darling and Son.
4. *Mr. Simon's Report to the City Commissioners of Sewers.* London.

WE propose a brief glance at the two sides of the great subject of national health;—the advantage to *life* of removing the refuse

of our towns from among the people ;—the advantage to *land* of distributing that refuse economically over the soil. While America is threatening, so urgent is her necessity for guano, to take it by the strong hand wherever it is to be found, and while the Royal Agricultural Society is offering large prizes for the discovery of a substance, equal in fertilizing power to guano, at eight pounds a ton, let us continue to point out to our readers that the discovery in question has long been made, and that England is killing her people by thousands annually, because she *will* persist in running to waste the very fertilizer for whose discovery the Agricultural Society is offering such a premium, and the want of which is causing America almost to repudiate her honesty.

Among all the beautiful adaptations of the intelligible portions of this world, wherein death is so often made to subserve the purposes of life, and the various sources of disease become the springs of happiness and health, none can be more striking than the interchange of life and death between the animal and the vegetable world. Modern sanitary science is beginning to illustrate this interchange to thousands who have never thought of it before. We are already carting out our choleras and fevers, and beginning to run our epidemic diseases through our pipe-drains into the country, and to receive back into the town sleek droves of cattle and nodding wains of corn. We are beginning, and we now begin to be certain that we shall go on, rapidly illustrating the interchange of death for life, and disease for health, until at length the whole of Great Britain, and with, or after her, the whole of Europe, shall adopt the same good *new* rule and simple plan.

The Honourable Dudley F. Fortescue lately addressed a letter to the General Board of Health, Whitehall, descriptive of the present modes of cultivation by sewer and liquid manures in England and Scotland. His observations and conclusions are borne out by those of Captain Baird Smith, in his recent work on 'Italian Irrigation,' in which he treats of the application of water and sewerage to the lands of Piedmont and Lombardy. The works necessary for supplying water, and carrying off the refuse of towns,—that is to say, the 'sanitary measures' required by the Public Health Act, may be almost everywhere self-supporting. Accompanied by Mr. Ranger, Mr. Rawlinson, and Mr. Rammell, superintending inspectors under the Health Act, and of course the best judges and witnesses possible of such operations, Mr. Fortescue visited some of the famous irrigation farms near Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere, and found from four to ten crops of Italian rye-grass grown in the year, and from £10 to £30 of annual rent given per Scotch acre. Twenty years ago we

remember being told on the spot, that £40 per Scotch acre was given by the cowkeepers of Edinburgh for the irrigated meadows between Salisbury Crag and the city. The expenses of distributing the fluid manure are found to be slight in comparison to the profits realized. But this of course depends on a good system being from the first adopted. It will never pay to cart the fluid on to the land, and distribute it as is usually done. A system of open cuts and irrigation meadows or slopes, or else an apparatus of pipes, by which, as in Scotland, and more recently by the Rev. Mr. Huxtable and Mr. Mechi, and others, in England, the fluid can be quickly, evenly, and cheaply distributed over the land, will alone be found practically to answer. Young and fine grasses, as red clover, Italian rye-grass, and lucerne, with green crops intervening every three or four years, give the largest returns; but the common meadow grasses also produce enormous crops under proper sewer irrigation.

This is so very important a subject in relation to the public health, that we cannot do better than quote the following information from Mr. Fortescue's letter:—

‘The first farm we visited was that of Craigentinne, situated about one mile and a half south-east of Edinburgh, of which 260 Scotch acres (one-fourth more than the English acre) receive a considerable proportion of such sewerage, as under an imperfect system of house-drainage, is at present derived from half the city. The meadows of which it chiefly consists have been put under irrigation at various times, the most recent addition being nearly 50 acres, laid out in the course of last year and the year previous, which, lying above the level of the rest, are irrigated by means of a steam-engine. The meadows first laid out are watered by contour channels following the inequalities of the ground, after the fashion commonly adopted in Devonshire; but in the more recent parts the ground is disposed in “panes” of half an acre, served by their respective feeders,—a plan which, though somewhat more expensive at the outset, is found preferable in practice. The whole 260 acres take about 14 days to irrigate; the men charged with the duty of shifting the water from one pane to another give to each plot about two hours irrigation at a time; and the engine serves its 50 acres in 10 days, working day and night, and employing one man at the engine, and another to shift the water. The produce of the meadows is sold by auction on the ground, “rouped” as it is termed, to the cow-feeders of Edinburgh, the purchaser cutting and carrying off all he can during the course of the letting, which extends from about the middle of April to October, when the meadows are shut up, but the irrigation is continued through the winter. The lettings average somewhat over £20 the acre; the highest last year having brought £31, and the lowest £9; these last were of very limited extent, on land recently denuded in laying out the ground, and consequently much below its natural level of productiveness. There are four cuttings in the year, and the collective weight of grass cut in



parts was stated at the extraordinary amount of 80 tons the imperial acre. The only cost of maintaining these meadows, except those to which the water is pumped by the engine, consists in the employment of two hands to turn on and off the water, and in the expense of clearing out the channels, which was contracted for last year at £29, and the value of the refuse obtained was considered fully equal to that sum, being applied in manuring parts of the land for a crop of turnips, which, with only this dressing in addition to irrigation with the sewage-water, presented the most luxuriant appearance. The crop, from present indications, was estimated at from 30 to 40 tons the acre, and was expected to realize 15s. the ton sold on the land. From calculations made on the spot, we estimated the produce of the meadows during the eight months of cutting, at the keep of 10 cows per acre, exclusive of the distillery refuse they consume in addition, at a cost of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per head per week. The sea-meadows present a particularly striking example of the effects of the irrigation; these, comprising between 20 and 30 acres, skirting the shore between Leith and Musselburgh, were laid down in 1826 at a cost of about £700; the land consisted formerly of a bare sandy tract, yielding almost absolutely nothing; it is now covered with luxuriant vegetation, extending close down to high-water mark, and lets at an average of £20 per acre at least. From the above statement, it will be seen how enormously profitable has been the application, in this case, of town refuse in the liquid form; and I have no hesitation in stating, that, great as its advantages have been, they might be extended four or five fold by greater dilution of the fluid. Four or five times the extent of land might, I believe, be brought into equally productive cultivation under an improved system of drainage in the city, and a more abundant use of water. Besides these Craighentinney meadows, there are others on this and on the west side of Edinburgh which we did not visit, similarly laid out, and I believe realizing still larger profits, from their closer proximity to the town, and their lying within the toll-gates.'—pp. 3, 4.

'The pumps are worked by a 12-horse power steam-engine, which performs all the usual work on the farm, threshing, cutting chaff and turnips, crushing oil-cake, grinding, &c., and about 6-horse power is the proportion required for the service of the pumps. The pipes are of iron; mains, submains, and service pipes, five, three, and two inches in diameter respectively, laid eighteen inches or two feet below the surface. At certain points are hydrants, to which gutta-percha hose is attached, in lengths of twenty yards, at the end of which is a sharp nozzle, with an orifice ranging from one to one and a half inch, according to the pressure laid on, from which the liquid makes its exit with a jet of from twelve to fifteen yards. All the labour required is that of a man and a boy to adjust the hose, and direct the distribution of the manure, and eight or ten acres may thus be watered in a day. There are now 70 acres of Italian rye-grass and 130 of root-crops on the farm. The quantity they would deliver by a jet from a pump worked by a 12-horse steam-engine, would be 40,000 gallons, or 178 tons per diem, and the expense per ton about 2d.; but a double set of men would reduce the cost. The extreme length of pipe is three-

quarters of a mile, and with the hose the total extent of delivery is about 1,900,000 yards, or 400 acres. To deliver the same quantity per diem by water-carts to the same extreme distance would be impracticable. One field of rye-grass, sown in April, has been cut once, fed off twice with sheep, and was ready (August 20) to be fed off again. In another, after yielding four cuttings within the year, each estimated at 9 or 10 tons per acre, the value of the aftermath for the keep of sheep was stated at 25s. an acre. Of the turnips, one lot of swedes, dressed with 10 tons of solid farm manure, and about 2000 gallons of the liquid, having 6 bushels of dissolved bones along with it, was ready for hoeing 10 or 12 days earlier than another lot dressed with double the amount of solid manure without the liquid application, and were fully equal to those in a neighbour's field which had received 30 loads of farmyard dung, together with 3 cwt. guano and 16 bushels bones per acre; the yield was estimated at 40 tons the Scotch acre, and their great luxuriance seemed to me to justify the expectation. From one field of white globe-turnips, sown later, and *manured solely with liquid*, from 40 to 50 tons to the Scotch acre was expected.'—p. 6.

Many practical farmers have published reports of their success by means of irrigation since Mr. Fortescue's pamphlet appeared, and lately Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, who has introduced a very thorough system of this kind on his farm, speaks of the results thus:—

'By irrigation, I am enabled to double, if not triple, my green and root crops, and thus render them profitable, instead of unprofitable. It is quite clear that if I can double my stock, I also double the quantity of my manure, and thus effect importantly the cereal crops. If I double my green and root crops, I diminish their cost one half.' (Provided, Mr. Mechi, you do both at the same expense of cultivation). 'This is actually the fact, and therein is my present and most agreeable position. Every practical farmer knows that the losing part of his farm is the root crops (I mean in the Midland, Southern, and Eastern counties, where we have hot summers, and little rain). That root crop costs him more than the animals repay, and leaves a heavy charge on the ensuing grain crops. Irrigation changes all this, and permits each crop to be responsible for its own annual charge, thus rendering them all remunerative. I am forcibly and frequently reminded of the truth of this statement by a five-acre pasture, opposite my residence. Vainly did I try, by solid manures, to render this vile plastic clay into a useful pasture. It was like bird-lime in winter, and cast-iron in summer,—poor, indigenous, and drab-coloured grasses, choked and eradicated the finer kinds I had sown,—and the animals wandered about hollow and dissatisfied. In the space of eighteen months irrigation has changed all this; new, fine, and fattening grasses have clothed the field with perpetual verdure; it keeps three times as many animals, and the close and shaven pasture indicates their affection for it. Butter, milk, and cream, alike testify by their richness to the fertility of irrigation, whilst the animals are improved in their condition. Professor Way, in his recent valuable analysis of grasses, in the 'Royal

Agricultural Society's Journal,' has revealed the astounding truth, that irrigated grasses contain twenty-five per cent. more meat-making matter than those not irrigated.' (Third Paper in 'British Agriculture'—a pamphlet.)

These are most important facts both in an agricultural and in a sanitary point of view, and are very much at variance with the ideas of old agriculturists. Solid manures are, by a very large majority of agriculturists, considered the most profitable for application to the land; and the grasses raised by sewer irrigation, growing more rankly and rapidly, are usually considered as deficient in nutritive power. Practice and science we see both declare the contrary, and we find another instance of the adaptation of the best means to the best ends in the circumstance that the mode by which the refuse of life can be best and most expeditiously removed from our dwellings is that by which it is most easily, effectually, and profitably applied to our fields. Farmers who live in the vicinity of towns, and have a little foresight, with a little hydraulic skill, have just now, therefore, a fortune lying at their feet. There can be very little doubt, that within a few years at farthest, the public will have become acquainted with its own interest, so far as to require the application of sanitary measures to all the towns of the empire, and one inevitable result of that will be the irrigation of meadows and high or garden farming, in order profitably and healthfully to use up the waste. For, the refuse which is growing fever and small-pox in our towns at present, will then be growing green crops, and causing the meadows to be 'for ever flushing round a summer sky.' Speculators have already commenced, and we should not be surprised to see this new branch of speculation become common within a year or two, and agents buying up the grass-lands near towns and contracting with the young local boards of health to rent the refuse of the towns for long leases.

The Earl of Lonsdale, in a speech addressed to the agricultural mind last autumn, questioned (if we remember aright, denied) the profitableness of this kind of irrigation; but he will probably live to discover the erroneousness of these views,—nay, if he will visit Edinburgh, or Glasgow, or any other place in which good works are in full operation, may discover it immediately. His town of Whitehaven hangs over a valley well fitted for irrigation, and, as it contains some of the most filthy and unwholesome dwelling-places in the kingdom, will afford ample means of testing the value of the system.

Meantime, in towns where great opposition to sanitary measures exists, it might help to advance the interests of health, were the intelligent and benevolent to combine, offer to lease the necessary lands, make the required works for irrigation, and apply the funds



to the relief of the indigent and sick. A considerable revenue would, under favourable leases, be the result, and there would be a sort of poetical justice (though the phrase was perhaps never put to such a use before) in making the old causes of pestilence contribute to the new plans of health.

When the monasteries were suppressed, the mendicants whom the monkish system had generated and fed, were thrown adrift without provision, and suffered great misery until the famous 43rd of Elizabeth inaugurated the old poor-law. When the commons and wastes were enclosed, a fine opportunity of providing a national fund for the destitute was thrown away, and now in the profits of the water supply, and drainage of large towns—looked forward to by many as likely to lead to overwhelming expense—there might be found profits which, properly applied (to health houses especially, for receiving infectious diseases, and so best keeping down poor-rates), would very greatly relieve the pressure of sickness and want upon urban communities.

The results of Mr. Fortescue's examination show that sewer water is the true Pactolus of modern times, and that its judicious application to the soil is uniformly attended by enriching results. All kinds of green crops, he says, and new grasses, especially the Italian rye grass, benefitted so largely by the irrigation, that four times the number of cattle can be kept on the same ground, the land being also increased in fertility. Mr. Dickinson, of Willesden, estimates his crop of Italian rye grass at from 80 to 100 tons per imperial acre per annum, and gets eight or ten cuttings according to the season. In Lombardy we have similar results.

In Scotland there is one person to seven acres of ground; in Ireland one to two acres and a half, and in England and Wales one to two acres:—not yet a crowded population. Goldsmith says—

‘A time there was ere England's griefs began  
When every rood of ground maintained its man.’

Were proper use made of the waste of our towns, and garden farming, and cultivation of the bogs and low-lying moorland carried out, we might probably maintain eight men for one we do now, and the regretful fancy with which ‘The Deserted Village’ opens would become a realized fact. That will be the day of healthy towns and sanitary farming, which, would the ratepayers, or even the working men among them only combine and demand health reform, might be seen by the present generation. ‘When it is considered,’ concludes Mr. Fortescue, after stating the result of his examination into the effect of the cultivation by sewer and liquid manures in England and Scotland, ‘that such results may in the vicinity of towns and villages be most effectually brought about by the instant removal of all those matters which, when

allowed to remain in them, are among the most fruitful sources of social degradation, disease, and death, one cannot but earnestly desire the furtherance of such measures as will ensure this double result of purifying the town and enriching the country.'

The following extract from Mr. Tufnell's Report for 1852 to the Committee of Council on Education, will be found of practical value; and at the present time, when industrial schools, 'reformatory' and parochial, are occupying, very justly, so much attention, the evidence is peculiarly well worth noting. In many large establishments, situated in the country, in isolated portions of towns, or even in the heart of some of our urban populations, it may be practicable to apply some of the methods here detailed by Mr. Tufnell; and while, of course, they would never be attempted, except in places in which a satisfactory drainage works existed, they might be so constructed as to be capable of adaptation to any good system of sewers, which might eventually be adopted,—

'The land attached to the North Surrey School, and cultivated by the boys, has been extremely productive. Four acres of wheat yielded the large return of six quarters two bushels per acre. Nine acres of swedes and mangold produced 270 tons of roots; but perhaps the most profitable crop was gathered from four acres of Italian rye-grass, which afforded six heavy cuttings in the course of the year, thus feeding fifteen cows and horses from May to November. This large produce was entirely owing to frequent irrigation from liquid manure, which is distributed by means of a force-pump and hose from various tanks about the grounds. Vegetables were supplied to the house of the value of £76 13s. 10d., though the potatoes entirely failed. Great loss was sustained in the dairy stock, owing to the prevalence of pleuro-pneumonia among the cows; nevertheless, milk to the value of £342 2s. 2½d., and butter to the amount of £42 12s. 10d., were supplied to the establishment; 123 pigs were kept on the waste of the house at no expense, and were sold as porkers at a price double what they cost. The difficulties that arose from the large quantity of liquid manure flowing from the house, and the complete success of the arrangement adopted for getting rid of it, are worthy of especial note; and I will detail them more particularly, as they show how similar evils may be corrected in all large establishments, and thus what is often a cause of pestilence may be turned into a source of profit. The flow of liquid manure from a population of 700 persons, where all the operations of washing, &c. were continually going on, was of course considerable. Great part of this was used in irrigating the land, and to this the large crops were undoubtedly attributable. But the quantity was so great that there was still a large surplus, which, running down along the railroad, caused a nuisance that was much complained of, and an indictment was threatened against the board of management. In this difficulty, a tank was built of 9-in. brickwork, 20 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, and 4 ft. deep, with an inlet from the sewer near the top, and an

outlet at the other, and on a level with the bottom. At 3 in. from the bottom is placed a moveable floor of 3-in. planks, with a number of holes bored through them. On this floor is placed about half a ton of peat-charcoal, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons of burnt clay-ashes, in several alternate layers. The sewerage enters the tank at the top of these layers, soaks through them, and passes out at the bottom in a stream of pure and inodorous water. At the end of about three weeks the tank ceases to act, when the clay, ashes, and charcoal are removed, and a fresh supply put in. The matter removed is perfectly inodorous, has increased from four tons to eight tons, and is now a valuable manure, which fetches a considerable price. The nuisance before complained of has now entirely ceased.'

'Sewers,' says Mr. Simon, in his recent admirable Report to the City Commissioners,—a Report which has gone forth with the power of a proclamation to every part of the empire; and which is perhaps the most condensed philosophic sanitary document hitherto issued; 'Sewers, which under better circumstances, should be benefactions and appliances for health in their several districts, are rendered inevitable sources of evil.' He is speaking of drainage into tidal rivers—of the Thames in especial—but his graphic words paint the precise conditions which caused such unutterable woe in Newcastle-upon-Tyne in September last. 'From the polluted bosom of the rivers steam up incessantly, though unseen, the vapours of retributive poison; densest and most destructive no doubt, along the sodden banks and stinking sewers of lowest level, but spreading over miles of land, sometimes rolled high by wind, sometimes blended low with mist, and threatening even to their margin that curls over distant fields,' &c. And referring to some points, on which we have touched in this article, he says—'A child's intellect can appreciate the wild absurdity of seeking at Peru what here runs to waste beneath our pavements'—(would it were always *beneath*!)—'of ripening only epidemic diseases with what might augment the food of the people—of waiting, like our ancestors, to expiate the neglected divinity of water in some bitter purgation by fire. But it needs the grasp of political mastership, not uninformed by science, to convert to practical application these obvious elements of knowledge; to recognise a great national object irrelevant to the interests of party; to lift a universal requirement from the sphere of professional jealousies; and to found in immutable principles the sanitary legislation of a people.' Every word like a sledge-hammer, falling each time on the right spot!

We said that the necessary works would be self-supporting. It has now been proved by numerous examples (we refer any inquirer to the Secretary of the Local Boards of Health of Barnard Castle, Penrith, Tottenham, and other places named in the



papers of the General Board of Health), that a complete system of tubular drainage, with ample water supply at high pressure, supplying all domestic wants, sweeping away all refuse, and obviating all danger from fire, can be laid down at an average expense of twopence per week for a working man's cottage or tenement, and for other houses in proportion. This is a less sum than, in the majority of towns, is given for water and the present execrable system of drainage alone; the additional health, comfort, length of life, and security from fire, are all received for nothing in addition. In very many towns the expense of the combined works for drainage and water have been much less than the sum stated. At Tottenham, Mr. Lewis, speaking of these combined public works, says: 'They are effected in the smallest class of houses at a cost to the tenant of only 2s. 6d. a-year, a sum which many of them formerly paid for a scanty supply of impure river-water brought in buckets, at very uncertain periods, or for permission to use a neighbour's pump.' As to the working of the pipe drains he says: 'I heard no complaint of stoppages, with the exception of a few from the better class of houses. *These were always caused by quantities of grease that had escaped from the sinks through the waste and carelessness of the cooks.* In some few cases this grease had accumulated in the smaller pipes, and had caused stoppages till it was removed.' Thus we have the fat of the rich leading to the fevers of the poor; we have the cook of a sanitary landlord bringing disgrace on the pipe drainage, on the success of which the success of the Health Act is chiefly based; and we have an avaricious and unsanitary landlord next door taking advantage of the failure to oppose the whole scheme. Would it not be well to request—through the chief of Scotland-yard—a policeman to call on every cook, and give her to understand, that if the drains of her master's house are stopped up by her grease, the mischief must be remedied out of her perquisites? Perhaps thenceforth, in order to 'save her bacon,' she will be careful of her grease. As mischief may arise in every great town from this cause, it would be worth while issuing a circular to cooks, or (since 'Punch' states that the police force has an extensive acquaintance among the class) perhaps the majesty of the law may be best represented by the personal summons of an officer. With the exception of a few cases of the kind mentioned, the new drainage in Tottenham is acting well; everywhere the poorer inhabitants, especially the women, expressed thankfulness for the change to water-closets from the old chamber of horrors; stating that more cleanly habits throughout every member of the household were thus caused; and that the sewer atmosphere, formerly familiar in their houses, and continually causing fever and diseases of a low type, *was now gone.*

Hence Mr. Hill, whose large house, containing about one hundred inmates, has been drained in connexion with the works, states, '*These works appear to drive disease before them;*' declares his firm belief that since the Public Health Act was applied to Tottenham disease has greatly diminished, and that 'whenever he has traced out any complaints of sickness or fever of late, he has invariably found them located in those parts of the town not yet reached by the sanitary works.' What is the cost of all these invaluable privileges? 'A special district rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the pound, or an average cost of  $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. per house per week!' Tottenham also is about to build a tank, and use up the refuse for the purposes of agriculture.

In Stratford-on-Avon also, where there has been such a foolish and wicked outcry against the General Board of Health, the officer of that Board (Mr. Austin) has just saved the inhabitants £3000 in the estimates for their works; and there, 'a cottage tenement rated at £4 per annum, will have to pay *less than a penny* per week for the complete public works of drainage, self-cleansing, free from deposit and foul gases; and of water supply, good in quality, and unlimited in quantity.' Whereas had the old big brick drain system, or the old long cesspool-drain system, for which the baffled parliamentary engineers have been fighting, been established, by means of one of the old Improvement acts, for which the baffled lawyers have been struggling, instead of the cheap pipe drainage by the cheap Public Health Act, Stratford-on-Avon would have had a larger sum to pay for her bad, foul, big brick drains alone than she has now to pay for good drainage, and an abundant supply of pure water! People are beginning to see everywhere that the officers and engineers of the Health Act (as in Mr. Austin's case at Stratford) are a cause of economy instead of expense; and that, whether they are themselves employed professionally to lay out the works, or only engaged in their capacity of inspectors of the General Board to superintend them, so as to certify to the Board of Works that they are done on sound principles, and will work well, and that therefore the money to be borrowed by the town from the Board may very safely be lent on the mortgage of the rates; in whichever capacity the engineers of the General Board have come in contact with communities, we hear but one verdict,—that 'they have done their work well and kindly; they have sometimes saved our money; they have always frankly given their best advice, and they have never impertinently interfered with our local authority;' as, indeed, any one reflecting on the matter, and not led away by designing men, will see must be the true policy of the Board and its servants, for this simple reason, that no one could be more

interested—scarcely so much as they are, to have all the works done cheaply, satisfactorily, and pleasantly. But the parliamentary barristers and engineers, and other opponents of the Act, knew well how to appeal to the avarice of some, the self-love of others, the pride of monopolist corporations, the ignorant fear of expense among the poor, the dastardly fear of interference with 'the rights of property' among the rich, and working these all well up, they had a few months ago gathered an opposition, which threatened deep and lasting injury to the cause of the people's health. Now the danger is past, every month will tell a new tale of health, comfort, and happiness, resulting from the works of the sanitary reformers; the evidence will speedily accumulate, so that no stolidity of ignorance, no sordidness of avarice, no armour of pride will be able to resist it; the baffled parliamentary barristers will be compelled to turn to some more profitable—we hope more honest—object; the parliamentary engineers will have, sulkily enough no doubt, to come out of their big foul cesspool drains, and take quietly to laying down the pipes and syphons; the health army will go on steadily, marching forward throughout Great Britain during the next few years; and then, with the fevers of our people banished, their intemperance and ignorance lessened, their energy increased—more apt for every good work, less tempted to every evil one than now—we shall have inaugurated the new era, in which, with God's blessing, every good work and worthy thought will have infinitely more power over society than it has ever since civilization began.

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ART. VI.—*There and Back Again in Search of Beauty.* By James Augustus St. John. In Two Volumes. London: Longman and Co.

THE most striking characteristic of this work is the spirit of gladness which pervades every page, softening into tenderness when dealing with the sorrowful places of the human heart, and developing itself in a subdued but golden light when thrilling associations shut out the full glare of joy. Mr. St. John looks round on the Eastern world, and takes down the picture, not only in bright colours as an artist, but in the character of an engraver he impresses the whole scene on one's heart. There is never a sketch of Nature without some spiritual touch which takes it out of the category of mere painting, and carries it far down into our feelings. It is this peculiarity which gives '*There and Back Again*,' such a hold on the reader. There exists a harmony of



arrangement in the work as a composition ; but though, to use the author's own words, 'There is a music in the English language sweeter and more mellifluous than the music of mere sound,' it is something yet more than this which brings us face to face with his companions, and sends forth our spirits from the mists of an English January to listen to the murmurs of his own loved Nile, whilst imagination, fairly put into a state of clairvoyance by his magic, transmutes the autumnal breeze into the balmy and delicious breathings of the south.

Not only is Mr. St. John in search of beauty, but he finds it too where others would never dream of seeking it. After a dangerous and stormy night at sea, the rising sun, dispersing some of the heavy clouds, contrives to throw a fitful light on the still heaving and troubled waters. And how does our author view it? Not as many would, with a discontented look, turning sullenly from the trembling day-spring ; but finding beauty and joy even in a scene like this, he forgets the frightful storm, during which he had been encouraged by the whisper of a still small voice, which said, 'He brought them up safe from many waters,' and thus expresses himself. 'Nothing as yet was in sight but sea and land. The clouds in wild and fantastic masses still arched the firmament from east to west, but here and there were large rents, and through these, floods of sunshine descended on the disturbed waters. It was one of the most glorious scenes that could possibly be beheld at sea. Here and there the cloud vault was of a lurid black, deepening as it descended towards the edge of the horizon, and beneath it the sea reflected the full depth of its gloom.' Is not such darkness as this devoid of all that is dismal? And then he continues,—'Contrasted with this sombre background were large fields of laughing light vapours of fleecy whiteness, and encircling expanses of bright blue sky. The sun when disentangled as it were from the vapour looked like the god of this new world, refulgent in golden majesty, and infusing life into every thing beneath.'

'There and Back Again' is certainly a book of travels, but it is not made of the commonplace materials generally used for such volumes. Mr. St. John does not measure length and breadth and thickness, or expatiate on degrees of temperature, or on the varying nature of the soil ; he makes no deep entrance into geology, nor does he scientifically dwell on the volcanic formation of the vast mountain land through which he passed, but air, earth, sea, and sky, he contrives to incorporate with our affections, and we part regretfully from his description of mountains, though we leave them in the embrace of the loving blue sky. We feel more than half inclined, under the influence of the everyday world around us, to blush at the enthusiasm which has pene-

trated our earth-bound hearts, as, in imagination, we stand by his side in the little vessel, where he looks for the first time on Mount Etna, a mighty glittering cone of snow, towering above a sea of mist which completely conceals its base.

'It appeared to me exactly like Mont Blanc as seen early in the morning from the slopes of the Côte d'Or. No language will suffice to paint the majesty of Nature, especially when to her inherent grandeur there are added the associations of poetry and history. The influence of the deeds which have been performed at the foot of Etna has arisen, as it were, from earth, and invested it with a new glory. I could not, therefore, as I gazed upon it, disentangle the different classes of my feelings and say which took their rise from the sources of nature, and which from the works of man. Intermingled they were full of delight, for we lend consciousness to mountains, and imagine they look down upon us, as we look up to them, with a gentle and friendly recognition. Would I could transplant the thoughts of that moment into the reader's mind. Men who have seen half the world will probably smile at my enthusiasm, at the first view of Etna. Let them smile on; I have not seen much, and thank God, not enough to quench the admiration of his works within me.

'To me there was a sort of religion in the admiration I experienced. The Athenian people had fought and bled on the land stretching southward from its base. I felt a strong thrill of pleasure at approaching the theatre of their exploits and glory, which I would not have exchanged for all the self-complacency of the greatest Epicurean philosopher in the world.'—Vol. i. p. 324.

Another part of Mr. St. John's self-revelation, and which escapes from him through the medium of authorship, is his tender and delicate love of childhood. We do not become possessed of this knowledge so much through his transient allusions to his own home treasures, as from his dealings with infancy wherever he finds it.

From 'red, purple, gold, and azure, mingling and intermingling, surging upwards and spreading on all sides, from vapours which were not clouds, but semi-luminous bands or curtains, or banners fluttering around the chariot of the sun;' from 'woods, assuming every variety of indescribable hues, purple, emerald, saffron, coruscating, trembling, dying into each other,' he is led unresistingly away by the 'fairy hand of a little girl;' influenced no doubt by the thrill of home, communicated through that delicate touch. 'She ate,' he says, 'and laughed, and chatted, and rolled about, as if the world had been made exclusively for her, and it is one of the pleasant points in my destiny that I am always happy in the company of an agreeable child.'

'There is a wonderful power in childhood,' he says, 'and to be like it, even in a terrestrial sense, is to be in the kingdom of heaven. It has the most perfect faith in all things; it lies down in the arms of

man or woman, friend or stranger, and fears nothing. It feels, that there is a divinity which hedges it about, and envelops it in a roseate cloud of safety, that disarms malice, and cruelty itself, and renders them incapable of hurting it. All the grandeur of humanity seems to be concentrated and bound up in childhood—above all, when it sleeps, when it dreams, when unutterable joy fills its heart and plays about its lips. The greatest fount of inspiration on earth is the face of a sleeping child, with its long dark lashes fringing the mystery of its eyes, the colour of which you know not, the depth of which your thought cannot fathom. I looked at little Piero; he had the dark blood of Venice in him. Still he reminded me of a fair child, nearly about the same age, which I had left beyond the Alps, and which a thousand and a thousand times had occupied the place he then filled. What is it that constitutes the tie of kindred? The sweet little fellow on my knee was not mine, and therefore I could relinquish him in half an hour or an hour to his mother's arms, and forget or dismiss him from my recollection almost as though I had never seen or nursed him.

'But how different my relation to the other child. Something existed there, which neither time nor distance, nor life, nor death, could obliterate? We are all his offspring, but yet in a peculiar sense the being that emerges from your own soul is yours. There may be, for aught we know, a spiritual chain always binding together parents and child, and preventing them from ever becoming separated. Indeed, there must be; for the circle of your love becomes wide enough to embrace the whole world, when your children are far away from you, and makes you feel them still within your grasp. And so it is when they die. A part of your soul goes with them out of life, and accompanies them to whatever place it pleases God to send them.'—*Ib.* p. 190.

Another passage connected with these little ones is so exquisitely beautiful that we cannot refrain from quoting it. It relates to a little boy, 'moulded like a seraph, with lofty forehead, around which the curling ringlets hung in thick clusters.'

'There is in childhood, of whatever sex, much that is feminine, or I might perhaps say much that is angelical. In that first stage of our existence, ere the world has as yet breathed its corrupting breath upon us, we seem to be denizens of heaven transported into another sphere. Next to being a child is, in my apprehension, to love children. The heart, as we look at them, lays aside its worldliness, and yearns for whatever is pure and holy. In its utmost depths it murmurs, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Above all, this is the case when sickness has laid its heavy land on them, when their souls are about to be intercepted in the very gates, as it were, of life, and sent back, pure and unpolluted, to the source of all existence.'—*Vol. ii.* p. 132.

The infant dies, and how touchingly Mr. St. John continues, forgetting his search of beauty and the traveller's note book, as he goes with his warm and gushing sympathy into the shadow of another's sorrow. 'I felt that the angel of death stood beside me in the room, that with a pencil fetched from the farthest



realms of eternity, he was painting the baby's face with celestial white, that he was preparing to wrap its little soul in his wings, and bear it to everlasting rest in the bosom of God.'

And it is not to the varying features of the natural world around him that Mr. St. John confines his search. In priest, rajah, fakir, sultan, we discover him diving for the beautiful, and he generally finds something in the character of each standing out in bold and pleasing relief against his darker experiences of life. From the simple wild-flower life of the bashful peasant girl, he draws it out, and places it bewitchingly before us. And we turn and look at the hard features and brawny arm of the coarse labourer with a strange new interest, when his inner feelings, of which, unaided by Mr. St. John, we had never become intelligible, are laid open before us.

Mr. St. John is no mere book-maker. There is a delightful irregularity throughout the whole work, as if he had nothing to do with the usual straight road of authorship. He makes a graceful and easy transition from grave to gay, and it is one of his peculiarities that his laughter never withers into sarcasm, although it sometimes melts away into melancholy. He has too deep a sympathy with human nature for his lip to be curled by scorn; and, whilst there is a perennial fount of gladness at his heart, making green life's desert places; in the break of day, or in the silvery moonlight, in the shadow of a rock, or in the sparkling of a mountain-torrent, his spirit, thrilling with softened thought, acknowledges the hand of a heavenly Father.

The author is faithful to the subject of his work, and wherever he finds beauty he places it before us. No matter whether in the crimson halo of the morning mist or in the thick white smoke of the tea-pot; whether in dimpling cheeks or rosy strawberries, we have the benefit of his research. And he is right. His work would be altogether too ethereal if it were not for a certain wholesome substantiality diffused throughout it by minute accounts of delicious coffee, excellent bread and butter, and fresh cream. When our sensations are on the verge of becoming too exalted for this matter-of-fact world, we are called suddenly down to look at broiled kidneys, mutton chops, and excellent pork.

Yet there is perhaps more method in this than one would at first suppose. How pleasing is the surprise with which we find him breaking forth, often ere the dinner-table is out of sight, into philosophical, nay, into religious reflection. Speaking of the Sabbath, he says:—

'Oh! how precious is the repose of that day. The poor look forward to it as a renewal of life, as to a season of special blessing, when they shall have leisure to recruit their strength of mind and body to

encounter the toils and difficulties of the ensuing week. Then, too, they will surely hear the voice of glad tidings, peace on earth and goodwill towards men. There is a solemn hush in the storm of worldly passions over the whole Christian world, amid which the still small voice of devotion is everywhere heard more or less distinctly. Let all those, therefore, who are toil-worn and oppressed, bless the divine institution of the Sabbath which brings to many, if not to all, glimpses of a better world, and opens by the wayside fountains of hope and gladness to refresh them during their weary pilgrimage towards heaven.'—Vol. i. p. 137.

No one who reads this work can fail to observe the peculiar communion which Mr. St. John holds with the Past. The great spirits of antiquity seem almost visible to him. When he brings his loved and glorious republic before us, it is not by the pen of the historian—for, indeed, there is no narration; but as we read, the influence of former ages insensibly steals over us, we seem to be gathering violets with the young Athenian maiden as she pauses with her classical pitcher on her morning way to the fountain of Chillirhut, and behold, in imagination, the fragrant flowers 'surcharged with dew, and drooping deliciously over the pearly grass.' As a result of this love of other times is his fervent admiration of relics. He describes a Grecian vase in the room of the virtuoso with a power which almost brings it before us. We seem to look at it as the evening light falls tenderly on its classical moulding; we scale the barrier of two thousand years, and, coming out from the monotony of every-day life, we feel that Time itself is not altogether so powerful as we imagined it to be, when thus we are brought, as it were, into contact with the familiar things of ages long passed away:—

'I can only find room to utter a few words of admiration and regret,' he writes, 'upon a Grecian vase contained among his treasures. It was adorned with a painting of which no time will suffice to efface the traces from my memory. It represented a rich, sheltered, grassy glen among the woods probably of Cythæron. Rocks rose on both sides in pinnacles from behind the trees; and in the foreground a gentle brook ran bubbling and flashing in the bright sunshine. Close upon its banks a maiden of surpassing beauty lay stretched upon the grass, obviously in the agonies of approaching death; her head supported by a man with one hand, while the other was lifted in an attitude of entreaty towards heaven. But his bosom was torn by mixed emotions: words of intense love appeared to be pouring forth from his lips—words of sufficient power to stay the fleeting soul, and keep back for a moment the king of Hades. Many a woman would esteem herself happy to die in youth, could she but thus secure to her memory the entire amount of devotion and attachment in her lover's breast. And it was this sentiment that the Grecian artist had obviously sought to portray. Celestial resignation and an ineffable calm rested on the maiden's countenance. A few transient pangs would, she felt, accomplish her

apotheosis, and set her up for ever as a divinity in the soul of the man she loved. Death in such circumstances loses his sting. The mind, strong in its affections and its purity, overleaps the sufferings of the present moment by anticipating the coming joy. Art in this case has been just to woman's love, contemplated as noblest by the noblest minds, where it is regarded as the highest step leading to the empyrean. The nation may pride itself upon its greatness, and on the possession of a poetical existence; but where a corrupt and vitiated civilization has transmuted this feeling into a mere earthly passion, the race of glory for those who thus think may be said to be run, for all that was heroic in their natures has died out.'—Vol. ii. p. 160.

We have read the work with admiration and interest, and with a persuasion that the author has introduced us thoroughly to his inner self. There is no caution in his style; he puts facts before us, with the effects they produced on his mind; and if the imaginative sometimes gives to plain sober occurrences an unreal brilliancy, it is the glow arising from his peculiar temperament, which comes without bidding, as the halo around the moon, of which that orb is itself unconscious. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to disapprove, and whilst doing so, we feel glad to catch at anything from which we can draw an excuse. When Mr. St. John's search for beauty becomes physical, and he meets with it in the contour of a form or face, his admiration is too intense, and his enthusiastic regard for the possessor of these charms deepens into a feeling which seems to us somewhat too profound. We approach the subject delicately, and can but look at the surface, without diving into the state of heart whence emotions such as he describes proceeded. There is something in his devotion to Carlotta not quite in accordance with our old-fashioned ideas of the individual nature of the one most sacred human love. 'She was very fair,' he says, 'and possessed a pearly clearness of complexion, not always found in fair women. Her eyes were of that amethystine blue which is of all colours the most beautiful. They seemed like little fragments of the sky, and had all its infinite depth and serenity.'

Then in what glowing terms he paints the effect of her voice on him.

'To describe my sensations when her voice was pouring like nectar around me would be impossible. The notes seemed to descend like drops of melody into an ocean of sound, which reverberated with infinite undulations over the soul. Had she not been beautiful and possessed of a seraph's voice, it would have signified little as far as I was concerned. But when all that is lovely in countenance or expression, and all that is graceful in the female form, are added to a voice of infinite richness, sweetness, and power, it would require a stoicism much more perfect than mine to remain indifferent.'



Mr. St. John travels on ; they are side by side in the coach, arm in arm on the highway, and unfolding opportunities reveal to him her 'exquisite sensibility, her fervent imagination, her impassioned heart.' In the midst of all this, and with his feelings yet vibrating under the united influence of music and loveliness, lo! another being of beauty, a celestial vision 'appears before him.' 'No Madonna ever painted by Raphael, no Aphrodite ever sculptured by the Hellenic chisel could equal it. To enjoy another look,' he says, 'we turned round, ascended rapidly the hill, and then came leisurely down again ; this we repeated three times, and as we last went by, I thought I saw her smile, not with pity, or contempt, or scorn, but apparently with surprise.' He then minutely describes her dress ; her eyes were not amethystine as Carlotta's, but still of the richest and brightest blue ; her features regular as Venus herself. In his search for beauty, he could not possibly have tolerated irregularity in this respect. But there was yet more fascination about her, 'an air of reverence, scarcely belonging to this every-day world ;' not a glance, not a movement betrayed in her the slightest consciousness of her surpassing loveliness. She seemed as innocent as Eve before the Fall. The effect of this vision was not transient, if we may judge by the conclusion of the fifty-fourth chapter. 'Ever since,' he says, 'sleeping or waking, the image of that face beams at times upon my fancy, refreshing and invigorating it.'

Again,—with what fervency of expression he describes Ignatia. 'Everybody has seen women who have a beauty besides that of their persons ; yet in form and features Ignatia was beyond description lovely. I should not perhaps say she was tall, though people generally thought her so ; her figure was infinitely graceful, and her walk such as I have never seen before or since. But the face, sir,—for these glowing expressions are put into the mouth of his friend, Dr. Oriel,—'its beauty, if I may dare to say so, seemed worthy of the Almighty hand that made it. Her eyes were deep blue, the features all symmetry and softness, with an expression over them which often suggested to me the idea that she wore her pure soul about her like a veil.' Once Mr. St. John was charmed by liquid black eyes, in a tall fair Greek maiden of seventeen ; but it is to the deeply blue that his homage is generally paid.

Aglaia had, too, a rich and melodious voice, delicately-proportioned features, soft, fair, and radiant with intellect, and her beauty was sufficient to convince him that the Hellenic race had not degenerated in that part of the country.

Vaisunta could not pass by without drawing forth some admiration from the impressible author of 'There and Back Again ;' and although he apparently takes these feelings out from the

heart of his friend of large experience, 'a slight old man, about the middle height,' we beg Mr. St. John's pardon for saying that they bear the impress of his own thoughts. 'From the airy branches of the trees the nightingale sent down showers of music upon us, which were not yet half so sweet as the music of Vaisunta's voice, which thrilled through me like a combination of tones from heaven.'

But perhaps we have made a wrong estimate of Mr. St. John's feelings. Kindliness of heart, which was doubtless all he meant to show in these cases, seems as warm in him as love in others; his own love, so difficult of definition, so sacred, so holy, he left in its purity under the hallowing shadow of home. This is indicated in the following passage relative to his return:— 'No words would enable me to do justice to my own feelings, but among them was a deep and inextinguishable sense of gratitude to God for preserving so many lives, infinitely dearer to me than my own, and thus uniting us again to the blessed hearth, the holy altar of the affections, the birth-place of all that is brightest and most beautiful on earth.'

We cannot quite say there is no line which we would wish to blot. The author's exuberance of spirits and his love for the extravagant sometimes almost cause him to stand on the verge of propriety; but we must say that 'There and Back Again' is a most charming work. Whilst engaged in reading it, we are inclined to linger 'there' without any desire to come 'back again,' and in perusing its pages, the 'search of beauty' is not a long one: we soon find it.

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- ART. VII.—*Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences*. Thirteenth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: J. W. Parker and Son.
2. *Questions Deducible from the Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences*. By Henry Edward Joly, D.D. London: J. W. Parker and Son.
  3. *The Evidences of Christianity as Exhibited in the Writings of the Apologists down to Augustine*. An Essay which obtained the Hulsean Prize for the Year 1852. By W. J. Bolton, of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.
  4. *The Philosophy of Atheism Examined and Compared with Christianity*. A Course of Popular Lectures, delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford, on Sunday Afternoons in the Winter of 1852-1853. By the Rev. B. Godwin, D.D. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

5. *Modern Atheism; or, the Pretensions of Modern Secularism Examined.* A Course of Four Lectures delivered at the Athenaeum, Thornton, Bradford. By the Rev. J. Gregory, G. W. Conder, J. A. Savage, and E. Mellor, A.M. London: Partridge and Oakley.
6. *Atheism Considered, Theologically and Politically.* In a Series of Lectures. By Lyman Beecher, D.D., late President of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, United States. London: Cassell.
7. *Townley and Holyoake. Atheistic Controversy.* A Public Discussion on the Being of a God. London: Ward and Co.
8. *The Bible and the People.* By the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A. London: Ward and Co.
9. *The Logic of Atheism.* By Samuel McAll, Minister of Castle Gate Meeting, Nottingham. London: Ward and Co.
10. *Infidelity: its Cause and Cure.* Including a Notice of the Author's Unbelief and his Rescue. By the Rev. David Nelson, M.D. London: Routledge and Co. 1853.
11. *Christianity and Secularism.* Report of a Public Discussion between the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., Editor of the 'Bible and the People,' and George Jacob Holyoake, Esq., Editor of 'The Reasoner,' held in the Royal British Institution, Cowper-street, London, on six successive Thursday Evenings, commencing Jan. 20 and ending Feb. 24, 1853, on the Question 'What Advantages would accrue to Mankind generally, and the Working Classes in particular, by the removal of Christianity, and the substitution of Secularism in its place?' Ninth Thousand. London: Ward and Co. 1853.
12. *Phases of Faith; or, Passages from the History of My Creed.* By Francis William Newman, formerly of Baliol College, Oxford. Third Edition. (Reply to the 'Eclipse of Faith.') London: J. Chapman.
13. *A Defence of 'The Eclipse of Faith.'* By its Author. Being a Rejoinder to Professor Newman's 'Reply.' London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1854.

WE have placed the titles of these several works at the head of our present observations because we wish to call attention to them on the ground of their separate claims, though it is impossible to devote to them the space which they deserve, in consequence of the accumulation of books on nearly every class of topics continually and increasingly pressing upon us. The first two are small publications of great utility in training the young to intelligent apprehensions of the reasons which wise men render for believing that Christianity is true, and that it is of God. The



third, Mr. Bolton's Prize Essay, is a volume of solid worth, the result of extensive reading, exhibiting a sober judgment in a field of research not previously occupied by the writer of any distinct treatise. It is a view of the evidences of Christianity from an ancient and foreign stand-point, illustrating the intellectual position of our Faith in the second, third, and fourth centuries, as seen in the apologetic works of the early fathers, from Quadratus to Augustine, observing a just medium between the unreasonable, unscriptural, and inconsistent elevation of the fathers as authorities in revealed truth, and the unjust and unwise depreciation of their intelligence. Here the reader will find 'that most of our present popular objections to Christianity have been anticipated' more than fifteen hundred years ago, and refuted by arguments substantially the same as those which have so much force in the writings of Grotius and Pascal, Fénelon and Paley. With capacities not inferior to those of modern believers, and enriched with the highest culture of cultivated ages,—

'They were in the heat of the battle. A multitude from every quarter of the globe, a variety from every class of enemies, surrounded them. There was the subtle and metaphysical Eastern, the strong-minded African, the imaginative Greek, the practical Roman, the elder Jew; there was Lucian classing Christianity with every kind of fanaticism and fraud; there was Celsus attacking it through the sides of Judaism with all the shafts that profane wit could command; there was Porphyry, the pupil of Longinus, with as much sophistry as learning, denying everything, save the operations of nature; and Hierocles bent, like some alchymist at his occult art, upon imitating the gold he could not but admire: there was the superstitious multitude, the interested artisan, the responsible governor, the jealous emperor, each and all to be met in their own way.

'It was likewise a *deadly* struggle: our apologists endured this great fight of affliction, not in the shape of a mere paper war, or platform controversy, the end of which is often only to "gravel" an opponent, but for body and soul, religion and character. It is plain that everything dear to the man and the Christian hung on the issue.

'And once more, it was *protracted*. The controversy was of no temporary nature, nor belonged to one generation alone. The clouds returned after the rain; and "neither sun nor stars in many days appeared." The whole term of persecution is reckoned, not by years but centuries, during which time it may be fairly presumed that every question was raised that was worth an answer.'—Bolton, pp. 7, 8.

After a brief historical account of the writers to be cited, the author observes that, 'while all the apostles and some of the apostolic fathers were born Jews, this was not the case with the apologetic writers. They were one and all Gentile converts, taken, as we should say, indifferently out of every nation;—the apologies themselves are traceable to persecution;—they

were addressed to the *chief enemies of the Gospel*—the Jewish zealots, the Grecian philosophers, and the Roman rulers. These separate observations are simply and lucidly enlarged in the 'Introduction.' In seven chapters, the following arguments are fully sustained:—From ANTECEDENT PROBABILITY;—from ANTIQUITY;—from PROPHECY;—from MIRACLES;—from the REASONABLENESS OF THE DOCTRINE;—from SUPERIOR MORALITY;—and from the SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

The illustrations of these arguments supply a compendium of proofs on behalf of Christianity, uniting the qualities of rare genius, conscious satisfaction, varied learning, and dignified superiority to the keenest attacks of sophistry and the darkest frowns of power. We cannot too strongly express our sense of Mr. Bolton's labours, and our hope that a considerable portion of our readers will procure it and study it for themselves.

Dr. Godwin's 'Philosophy of Atheism' contains a course of popular lectures delivered by the venerable author at the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford, Yorkshire, on Sunday afternoons in the winter of 1852-3. Twenty years ago, Dr. Godwin had broken ground in this controversy in some lectures which he published. At the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union, held in Bradford in October, 1852, the discussions on secularism led to the giving of public addresses at large meetings of the working classes by the Rev. Andrew Reed, of Norwich, and the Rev. Brewin Grant, of Birmingham. The interest excited by these addresses induced the committee of the Bradford Town Mission and many influential gentlemen of that neighbourhood to urge on Dr. Godwin the repetition of the lectures he had delivered in 1834, which were now out of print, and comparatively unknown. In compliance with the request thus urged upon him, Dr. Godwin took his former lectures as the basis of those contained in the present volume. To as many as know the author we need not say that it is a comprehensive, argumentative, learned, scientific, yet popular and convincing production, one which claims the calm consideration of all parties. We venture to hope it will have a wide circulation, not only among the men of the north, but generally throughout the British empire, and wherever the language of our country is understood.

The four lectures of the Rev. J. Gregory, G. W. Conder, J. A. Savage, and E. Mellor, A.M., at the Athenæum, Thornton, Bradford, are satisfactory proofs of the competency of local ministers to grapple with the opponents of religion in their own vicinity, and afford useful suggestions to younger men, who may be called to similar duties in other places. The themes of the separate lectures are:—'Christianity weighed in the Balance'; 'Thomas Payne; his Life, Times, and Opinions'; 'The Rise and

Progress of Christianity;' 'The Origin of the Trinity' (not a happy mode of expression for the *doctrine* of the Trinity); 'The Dark Ages and the Dawn of Mental Light;' and 'Modern Christianity and Secularism Examined and Compared.' Though the lectures were given in the populous clothing district of the West Riding, they are worthy of universal circulation, and we shall be happy if this notice of them contributes to such a result.

Dr. Beecher is the now aged father of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of 'Uncle Tom.' His lectures are prefaced by an introduction from Mr. John Cassell, specially commending them to the 'working classes,' to whom that gentleman has rendered so many invaluable services. The lectures are vigorously conceived, and have a most important bearing on the political interests, primarily of his own country, and to a large extent of ours. He discusses—The Being of a God; Causes of Scepticism; The Perils of Atheism to the Nation; The Attributes and Character of God; The Necessity of a Revelation from God to Man; The Old Testament Favourable to Free and Independent Governments; The Identity of the Old Testament and the New; The Bible a Revelation from God to Man; The Proof of the Reality of Miracles; Objections to the Inspiration of the Bible; Prophecy; The Decrees of God.

'The Bible and the People' is a monthly periodical, conducted in a popular style by the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., of Birmingham, now in its fourth year, and specially connected with the editor's mission to the working classes. We commend it to all who interest themselves in the conflict now going on between the Christian and the Secularists, and indeed to all who would be established in the grounds and reasons of their own religious faith.

Mr. Townley's 'Discussion' with Mr. Holyoake, is a calm statement on both sides of the question—'Is there sufficient proof of the existence of God; that is, of a Being distinct from Nature?' Mr. Townley taking the affirmative, and Mr. Holyoake the negative. Mr. Townley very clearly states the argument from design, and satisfactorily answers Mr. Holyoake's objection—that the designer himself proves a previous design, thus pressing the argument *ad infinitum*—by showing that there is no proof, but the contrary, that the designer of the universe is an *organized* person. The rest of Mr. Holyoake's speeches consist of negative evasions ingeniously and courteously expressed. We sincerely thank Mr. Townley for the intelligence, logic, controversial skill, and characteristic Christian spirit with which he has conducted this discussion. We advise our friends to read it carefully, and to distribute it as widely as they can.

Mr. McAll's 'Logic of Atheism' is a judicious and pleasing



argument, adapted to the young and others, 'who are at once most exposed to these assaults, and the least prepared for them.' Without pretending to novelty, he cautions his readers against imagining that the Christian system is doubtful because it has been disputed, and also against supposing either that scepticism is to be treated as a crime, or that Christians have misgivings respecting their faith, because they are not always so ready as some persons expect, to enter into public debates with unbelievers:—

'It is the impression of some amongst them, that infidelity, however often refuted, will never be silenced, and that new objections will always spring up, after the old ones have been disposed of. Many serious persons question altogether the *utility* of public debate. They believe that changes of opinion ordinarily take place in hours of solitary musing, rather than amidst public and exciting discussions. A party triumph is apt to be coveted in such scenes, rather than the eliciting of truth. Besides, opposition to infidel lecturers tends to increase their audiences, and, generally, swells the funds that go to spread the opinions we are combating. In addition to this, many who are thoroughly satisfied of the truth of Christianity, and are well able to defend it in private, or with the pen, shrink from the platform, fearing that the cause might suffer in their hands through want of the readiness and tact required in public discussion. And when religious men *do* enter into the arena of debate, it must not surprise us if they speak warmly and earnestly. They contend for the existence of Him who, as they sincerely believe, is the best as well as the greatest of beings. They are pained to see the Creator robbed of His glory, and mankind persuaded to throw aside the most inestimable of their treasure. The ignorant generally assume, that in a controversy he who shows scarcely any feeling has the better cause; whereas, it might more justly be said, that the better the cause the more likely the advocate will feel excited in its defence. No debater is so thoroughly cool as the man who is quite indifferent to the interests of humanity and truth. The heartless sophist generally finds it easy to keep down his temper, just as the unprincipled gamester is usually the coolest in play. On the other hand, the sincere lover of truth, and of his fellow man, is deeply pained to see evil put for good, and good set aside to make room for evil. Earnestness in contending for religious truth ought not then to be construed as a proof of weak judgment, but rather of an honest and benevolent heart.'—*Logic of Atheism*, pp. 5, 6.

Having enlarged on these and other cautions in the first chapter, the author proceeds to describe the 'situation of the atheist,'—its boldness,—in relation to his knowledge and habits, to the obviousness of the truth he rejects, to the relation of human society and to nature. He then shows that the author of 'The Logic of Death' (Mr. Holyoake) was all that was ever meant by being an atheist; for he says, "I know nothing besides Nature, and can conceive of nothing *greater*." The atheist agrees

with the theist, in being obliged to admit the existence of the universe, and the existence of something to account for that universe.' (Mr. Holyoake, however, repudiates the obligation to account for anything.) The remainder of the treatise treats of the Argument from Design; the Absurdity of Atheistic Theories; the Bearing of Atheism on Morals, and on Human Happiness. The sincerity and good feeling which pervade the composition, deserve the serious and candid examination of the argument, which has our hearty approval.

Dr. Nelson's 'Cause and Cure of Infidelity,' might not unfairly be described as an odd book, but we have read it with peculiar interest, and have no hesitation in saying that its very oddness adds to its attractiveness, and its practical value. The author appears to have been a medical student in the United States, who became an infidel, but was rescued from infidelity in the manner which he describes. Without any apparent method, or much formal reasoning, he lays before the reader a miscellaneous mass of sensible observations, which are illustrated by facts—chiefly American—of a racy order, and applies the facts with great freshness and pertinency. We believe the book will do an incalculable amount of good.

Of the 'Report of the Discussion' between Mr. Grant and Mr. Holyoake we need say but little. The great advantage to truth and public good lies in the fact that Mr. Grant has effectually silenced the boast of the Secularists that 'The clergy dare not meet them fairly.' The arrangement for the debate was excellent, the question happily chosen, and full justice done to both parties. The personalities probably rendered the meetings more lively than they would have been, though we think that, on such occasions, the speakers would do better to bind each other to avoid them. Mr. Holyoake appeared to advantage from the coolness, subtlety, and air of confessorship which he maintained throughout; and the ingenuity with which he pressed the objections against some isolated texts of Scripture, and some caricatures of Christian belief; but our deliberate judgment, after carefully reading all his speeches in this report, is, that he has entirely failed to make any use in argument of the three positions he makes on behalf of Secularism, or either of the two objections he urges against 'The Atonement' and the 'Example' of Christ.

Mr. Grant appears to advantage from his superiority to his antagonist in knowledge, science, philosophy, and history, as well as of the Scriptures, in his quickness of perception, his fulness of illustration, and his power of unmasking hollow evasions, unraveling plausible fallacies, correcting ignorant and perverse misrepresentations, and pouring out streams of glowing eloquence.

Probably, with opponents of another kind, he might deal less freely in jests and sarcasms; but we have little doubt that he could defend himself on this score against any censure which might occur to lovers of the dignified decorum which we acknowledged to be more consonant with our own taste. On the whole, we cannot but be glad that these same 'Secularists,' as they choose to call themselves, are driven from the avowal of atheism and infidelity, are brought to the trial of practical utility, and exhibited to the public by one who knows them so well, and so fully proves that, even on their own grounds, he is more than a match for their selected champion. We are glad, too, that, instead of being in the disadvantageous position of a system that *seems* to need defence, Christianity is, as at the beginning, the assailant of false notions, and pernicious principles. In every department of labour 'practice makes perfect;' and it was well that a special mission to the working classes of Great Britain was entrusted to a gentleman so likely to illustrate, in his progress, the homely proverb we have quoted. Already he has personally addressed tens of thousands of men in England and Scotland, has stirred up not a few in several localities to follow his example, and has conveyed intelligence, argument, and entertainment to indefinitely large numbers by his periodical publications. We make these observations from a persuasion that the entire procedure to which this reported discussion belongs is looked upon by many thoughtful and excellent Christians with a dislike for which, in our humble judgment, there is not sufficient reason. With them, perhaps, the names of honoured ministers and Christian layman, who have expressed their confidence in Mr. Grant and his mission, have more weight than any argument of ours. However that may be, we feel it to be part of our own 'Mission,' in the present day, to give our best encouragement to a ministry of the Gospel, additional to the pastoral ministry,—addressing itself to the enormous multitudes now beyond the reach of our pastors, and endowed with qualifications such as those which are exemplified in this Report. We have more than once expressed our view of the desirableness of such an advocacy among the more educated classes in the Metropolis and other large cities; and we have it in our mind to keep attention alive to it, convinced, as we are increasingly, of its very great importance. We shall be prepared ere long, we hope, to bring the whole question of Religion and the Working Classes more prominently before the Christian public than has yet been done. In the mean time, we invite a large and generous sympathy with the experiment Mr. Grant is now making. For ourselves, we sincerely rejoice that he is so employed, and wish him all the success he can desire.

We approach, with sorrow, the *last* phase of what Mr. Newman



calls Faith. He speaks in the preface to the SECOND edition of 'hostile reviewers'—'cowardly trick'—'conscious weakness'—'malignant intention;' and throughout the work he represents the practises of Christians from whom he now differs as 'mischievous fraud;' sits in judgment on the *honesty* of our translation; charges those who did not agree with him in views which he has abandoned with 'bigotry' and a want of common sense; describes the 'flagrant dishonesty of divines' who differ from him in their mode of explaining the genealogies of Jesus; talks of the 'insane anathemas against opinions,' kept up by Protestants; refers to ourselves as 'candid for an orthodox critic, and not over orthodox either;' as 'one who cannot help garbling me'—where nothing that could be called 'garbling' has been said, in the words Mr. Newman professes to quote but *alters*. He represents the 'unfairness of ecclesiastical corporations' as 'habitual;' calls some of his critics 'dictatorial and insolent;' refers to one as 'always misrepresenting' him; accuses others of 'carping little short of hypocrisy'—and nicknames the believers in the divine authority of the Scriptures, 'Bibliolaters.' Since Mr. Newman deals thus freely with others, by what patent does he claim exemption from the criticism by which he is so highly irritated? While he passes by reasons which his critics give for *their* conclusions, what argumentative or moral right has he for applying such provoking epithets, for doing, as he says they do, the same thing with *his* conclusions? The man who writes as Mr. Newman does, of others, puts himself beyond the pale of literary delicacy, and vainly imagines that he can convince his readers by the stale device of a pretended martyrdom. That he is very angry is too plain. That he has reason for being so is not to us so clear. Of all the books we have ever read 'The Phases of Faith' exhibits the most painful example of dogmatic positiveness. We question not the truth of his narrative. We look upon it as a psychological curiosity. In this view it is not without interest: even the egotism which identifies his personal vindication of himself with the interests of an immensely greater argument of universal interest, is not without its value as a specimen of human nature in one of its manifold varieties. When he complains of being treated coldly for the 'sole offence' of differing *intellectually* from the parties against whom the complaint is urged, he forgets the insinuation he has just made, that *they* have never deeply and honestly investigated the matter, and are guilty of one of the gravest moral offences. This is something more than an *intellectual* difference.

There are some intellectual characteristics of this strange production which we think can scarcely fail to strike most readers, First; the writer, on his own showing, was in the habit of adopting

the opinions of his teachers simply on *authority*; so that at no time was he ever trained to the wholesome habit of examining the *reasons* by which that authority was believed by those who used it to be supported; from which he appears to draw the not very intelligent conclusion—that all who now hold the same opinions hold them with equal submissiveness to mere authority. As he insists so much on logic we will put his arguments in the form of syllogisms.

(1.) Whatever is held because it is taught authoritatively is false:—I have held sundry opinions concerning religion, for that sole reason: *ergo*—The opinions which I have been holding are false.

(2.) The opinions which I held are false because I received them as authoritatively taught:—Many persons hold the same opinions still: *ergo*—They have held these opinions as I did, merely as authoritatively taught.

In the first syllogism the major proposition is itself false both in theory and in fact; because the thing taught by authority *may* be true independently of authority; and many certain truths have been so taught; so that, however true the *minor* proposition, the conclusion, though it logically follows from the premises, is a false conclusion. The *minor* proposition of the second syllogism has no middle term, for it does not assert that all who hold these opinions hold them *for the reason for which this writer held them*, and therefore they do not come within the same category; so that, besides the falseness of his fundamental proposition, which vitiates a logical conclusion, his second syllogism is illogically constructed and has no logical conclusion at all.

We have nothing to do with the 'compulsory subscription' at Oxford: though we suppose no intelligent and honest mind would subscribe without believing. When Mr. Newman speaks of studying the Scriptures on the Sabbath question 'without bias' (p. 4), he means without being biassed by human authority. For all that he says on 'imputed righteousness,' 'vicarious sacrifice,' 'the Trinity,' 'the second coming of our Lord,' 'Christian evidences,' 'reprobation,' 'eternal punishment,' 'Calvinism,' 'science,' 'morals,' and other topics, we must refer our readers to the article, 'Foxton, Froude, and Newman,' in the 'Eclectic Review,' for November, 1850.

2. Another characteristic of the 'Phases of Faith' is the confidence with which the author represents himself as holding at the time all the opinions which he had embraced on authority. We believe this to be one of the strongholds of popery—an unreasoning adherence to all that the church declares to be true *because* she declares it. The only matter of surprise is, not that Mr. Newman followed the multitude when he was a youth in dreading to question any authorized opinion; but that, after passing

through so many 'phases' of what was no faith at all in his case, in *every stage* of his progress he is as sure that he is right as if he were dealing with primary truths of consciousness or with the demonstrations of abstract science. In one place he says—

'When the period arrived for taking my Bachelor's degree, it was requisite again to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and I now found myself embarrassed by the question of Infant Baptism. One of the articles contains the following words:—"The baptism of young children is in anywise to be retained, as most agreeable to the institution of Christ." I was unable to conceal from myself that I did not believe this sentence, and I was on the point of refusing to take my degree. I overcame my scruples by considering—1. That concerning this doctrine, I had no active *dis*-belief on which I would take any practical step, as I felt myself too young to make any counter-declaration. 2. That it had no possible practical meaning to me, since I could not be called on to baptize, nor to give a child for baptism. Thus I persuaded myself. Yet I had not an easy conscience; nor can I now defend my compromise; for I believe that my repugnance to infant baptism was really intense, and my conviction that it is unapostolic as strong then as now. The topic of my "youth" was irrelevant; for if I was not too young to subscribe, I was not too young to refuse subscription. The argument, the Article was "unpractical" to me, goes to prove, that if I were ordered by a despot to qualify myself for a place in the Church by solemnly renouncing the first book of Euclid as false, I might do so without any loss of moral dignity. Altogether this humiliating affair showed me what a trap for the conscience these subscriptions are; how comfortably they are passed while the intellect is torpid or immature, or where the conscience is callous; but how they undermine truthfulness in the active thinker, and torture the sensitiveness of the tender minded. As long as they are maintained, in Church or University, these institutions exert a positive influence to deprave or eject those who ought to be their most useful and honoured members.'—p. 9.

Here is an open confession that he went against his conscience, and, instead of repenting of a sin, he coolly lays the blame on the 'subscriptions.' Does he not see the difference between himself and hundreds of dissenters who are excluded from the honours of Oxford because they will not involve themselves in such a 'humiliating affair' as he records? Yet this is the writer who labours to degrade our conceptions of the morality of the Bible!

3. We cannot pass unnoticed Mr. Newman's easy adoption of other men's opinions. There is the 'Irish clergyman' whom he describes so graphically—not to say satirically—and of whom he says, 'In spite of the strong revulsion which I felt against some of the peculiarities of this remarkable man, *I for the first time in my life found myself under the dominion of a superior.*'



(p. 20.) From this clergyman he received the perverse interpretation of the New Testament respecting the 'return of the Lord from heaven,' of which Gibbon had made such ingenious use, and of which Mr. Newman *now* says—'Nothing can be clearer than that the New Testament is *entirely pervaded* by the doctrine, sometimes explicitly stated, sometimes *unceremoniously assumed*; that earthly things are very speedily to come to an end, and *therefore* are not worthy of our high affections and deep interest.'

Under the same influence he resolved to be a missionary to the heathen. Disliking the church, and despising the dissenters, he became inflamed with the 'greatest admiration of Mr. Groves,' who wrote a feeble tract on principles repudiated by the New Testament. The Irish clergyman, we are told, always based his arguments 'on texts aptly quoted and logically enforced.' Mr. Newman does not say, *soundly interpreted*; and of this same logical reasoner he says, that he 'unmercifully exposed erudition to scorn, both by caustic reasoning and by *irrefragable* quotations of scripture.'

4. When separated from his 'superior,' he proceeds to study the Gospel *without bias*—the bias of a *superior*, we suppose;—for we do not impute to Mr. Newman the arrogance of professing freedom from all bias, and we see plainly that there *was* a bias. The effect of freedom from this bias was to get rid of *all* the opinions with which his Irish friend had imbued him. Because he does not find others ready to follow him in these changes, he speaks of their 'hunting him out unscrupulously,' and he lays the blame of the 'unlovely conduct' of his former years on the creed. He contrasts the 'sweetness of mind, largeness of charity, and timid devoutness' of the first Unitarian whose acquaintance he formed, with the *hatred* of his evangelical persecutors; and tells us that he gained much 'fresh insight into a part of his own mind,' and that part was '*a deeper distaste for the details of the human life of Christ* than he was previously conscious of.'

5. Having submitted all his life to human authority in religious belief, the author no sooner discovered this error than he rushes into the opposite extreme and refuses to receive any spiritual truth on any authority, and, of course 'without bias,' demolishes, in his own opinion, the whole fabric of the authority of the Bible either as authentic history, or as inspired teaching. His method of effecting this imagined destruction is not particularly ingenious, nor in any respect original. Without any *apparent* knowledge of explanations given by sound scholars, upright men, he sweeps away from *his own mind* all that they believed, and *gave reasons* for believing, in numerous portions of sacred history; sets up

his own opinion of the Old Testament prophecies against the judgment of Jesus and the apostles; agrees with his lamented friend, John Stirling, on the 'almost ludicrous arguments of orthodox divines,' stupidly or maliciously misrepresented; hastily adopts one of several theories respecting the demoniacs; follows sometimes Dr. Arnold, sometimes De Wette, sometimes Strauss, in opinions on the Bible—which we see no proof of having been *compared with other judgments*; and, professing to abandon all authority, especially the authority of our sacred books, betakes himself to logic. His logic is not *genuine*. He argues only *à priori*, and, having once made up his mind—on insufficient *data*—about his major proposition, marches on most triumphantly, as he thinks, to conclusions which are in opposition to *à posteriori* evidence. Instead of first demonstrating the inadequacy of the historical evidence for the authority of scripture, and then rejecting its teaching, he fancies that he has demolished its teaching, and then infers from his faith in his own success, that its authority is overturned.

6. All the while, it is only *his own crudely-adopted opinions* that he demolishes; yet he seems quite innocent of any apprehension that the very same opinions—we do not mean all, but some—may be intelligently held by other minds as free as his own, to say the least, for reasons which can be, because they have been, rendered. Mr. Newman does not intend merely to show that, as matter-of-fact, the process described in this volume really happened: he intends that his readers shall adopt his conclusions without passing through the same process; imagining that a mind so susceptible at one stage to the most blind submission to others, —so *morally* infirm, at another stage, in subscribing what it inwardly rejects without afterwards repenting, and then so self-relying on what it calls its freedom from *bias* and its irrefragable logic—will be accepted as a safe guide to others. We grieve to think that the offered guidance will be accepted by those whose defective culture exposes them to the danger of following implicitly a guide whose antecedents have the delusive appearance of having qualified him to be a leader of the young. It is not for us to question Mr. Newman's sincerity. We do not question it. We have no animosity to gratify in dealing plainly with his book. We are prepared for such notices as he has given of our 'candid and not over orthodox' criticism. We have not the slightest apprehension of his shaking the 'faith' of any who have been taught—as he unhappily was not—*why* they believe; but to those whose religious training has in this respect been neglected, we see in this volume a tissue of the most deplorably mischievous suggestions. The most distressing part of it is the new chapter 'On the Moral Perfection of Jesus.' Painful passages enough

may be found in previous chapters tending towards the result here boldly avowed and vindicated. Notwithstanding Mr. Newman's premonitory warning about giving 'unspeakable pain,' and the peculiar form of his remarks as belonging to an *argumentum ad hominem* answer to some strictures by Mr. James Martineau, as well as his prediction that 'hostile reviewers will endeavour, as before, to excite prejudice against me, by picking out wrong *conclusions*, and carefully stripping off every *reason* which I assign, as well as every qualifying and softening addition,'—a proceeding which he attributes to 'a malignant intention,'—we mean to adopt our own course, against which he has no right to complain, in giving our readers our judgment on this chapter, in which, whatever may be said of his reasons, we do not 'pretend anything,' but leave others to judge whether the author or the reviewer be guilty of what he calls outraging the readers. If Mr. Newman thinks, as of course he does, that he has sufficient reasons for what he advances on the moral character of Jesus, we have no interest in suppressing them; but we must be permitted to say that we cannot forget the preparations which his mind has been undergoing for allowing any weight to these reasons; nor can we be blind to the *animus*—having nothing to do with merely intellectual judgments—which breathes throughout his seventh chapter. Adhering to the errors which he learned in Ireland as to the meaning of certain precepts of the New Testament, he not only denies the 'absolute perfection of Jesus,' but distinctly charges him with puerility, injustice, folly, dishonesty, blundering self-sufficiency, affectation, mystical assumption, vain and vacillating pretension, fanaticism, mischievousness, moral unsoundness, egregious vanity, committing a breach of the peace, exasperating his enemies for the purpose of provoking them to commit a crime, and falling 'far below vast numbers of his unhonoured disciples.' Mr. Newman cannot deny that such are his 'conclusions.' He does not say that they are *merely* logical deductions from the Gospels, but gives the impression—we should be happy to know that it is not a correct one—that *such is his estimate of the character of Jesus*. He knows that it differs entirely from the estimate of that character entertained by evangelists, apostles, and by the professors of the Christian faith, by Mohammedans, and by not a few who profess no religious faith whatever. But he says, 'Give my reasons.' Here they are. His reasons are, *first*, the necessarily finite moral excellence of man as a creature; *second*, Jesus always called himself the Son of Man, and by so doing, claimed for himself 'the throne of judgment over all mankind,' spoken of by the prophet Daniel; *third*, that he 'enunciated as a primary duty of men to learn submissively of his wisdom, and acknowledge his



supremacy; *fourth*, to give such a teacher is a deviation from God's ordinary course; *fifth*, we have no criterion for establishing the absolute wisdom of such a teacher; *sixth*, there is no genuine and trustworthy account of his teaching; *seventh*, if we must judge of the claims of Jesus to be the Son of God, we cannot abandon free thought on his teaching and acting; *eighth*, the general conduct and discourses of Jesus exhibit all the evil properties attributed to his character. No one understands better than Mr. Newman that to *sift* these proffered reasons is beyond the province of a brief review, and we hope he will admit that we have '*some* conscience' to keep us from purposely mistaking them, or weakening their force, in this necessarily brief epitome of them. Granting that his opinion of the character of Jesus—if it be his opinion—logically follows from judgments previously formed, how is it that no intellectual intimation is given that there is *another side* to that character, no expression of admiration, or confidence, or sympathy, for what is good, no indication of the possibility of honestly drawing other conclusions, no doubt as to the probable unsoundness of the theory which rejects all the views of Jesus which are expressed by Paul and Peter, and James and John in their epistles? *Could* an avowed enemy of Jesus—*did* his most malignant adversaries—say stronger things against him? If Mr. Newman really believes that this determination to support his previous insinuation against the '*Moral Perfection of Jesus*,' this silencing of all the evidence on one side, and twisting to his purpose the facts which the common sense of mankind, whether highly educated or not, have always understood in a different sense,—all we can say is, that we must have other proofs of his qualifications as a critic before we can, for a moment, think of accepting his decisions, or attaching any importance to what he calls his '*reasons*.' As to the '*qualifying and softening additions*,' of which he makes mention in his preface, all we can say is that we have looked for them, but cannot find them. The author, as we have said, is not charged by us with any one of the evil qualities which he ascribes so pointedly to the great body of Christians, and even to him whom we adore as our Teacher and Lord. But, in all good faith, we ask him whether he considers it just to the English public to give the sanction of his recognised position to the propagation of such outrageous attacks on all that is held sacred by every body of religionists, whether Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, as those in which his recent publications abound? Is it fair, honourable, manly, consistent with the implied contract on which University College is based, to retain a position which adds to the weight of his character, attainments, and abilities, while he deems it his duty to inoculate the nascent mind of England with what he

knows to be in the highest degree offensive to the best feelings of the best men?

Having no personal acquaintance with Mr. Newman, we are using the freedom without which our functions would be a farce, in making an appeal to which we know what answer we should give ourselves.

In this third edition of the 'Phases,' Mr. Newman has added a chapter in 'Reply' to the 'Eclipse of Faith.' Our estimate of that work has been given, and repeated on the appearance of a second edition. We therefore read, with some curiosity, Mr. Newman's 'Reply.' In answer to that 'Reply,' the able author has published a defence, which supersedes the strictures we had prepared. Our readers will, probably, be more edified by some account of the 'Defence' than by our criticisms on the 'Reply;' and as we have not space for both, we make our selection on that principle.

Mr. Newman complains of the writer's flippant tone in the 'Eclipse'—his puerile and self-condemning plan of fictitious dialogue—his venting his own opinions in the name of Harrington—caricaturing Mr. Newman in the person of Mr. Fellowes—his application to Mr. Newman of the term 'infidel'—his 'systematic, continuous, and stealthy misrepresentation'—gross garbling—and of entertaining the notion that God has no consistent or trustworthy moral character. He describes him as 'one, who wraps a Pagan heart in a Christian veil; who scowls down and mocks at other men's piety; who constructs sophistical arguments, to leave them no alternative between his own paganism, which is to them detestable, and an atheism, which they deprecate indeed, but feel to be preferable to degrading heart-hardening devil-worship; and as one who, after the outward washing of Christian baptism, has gone back into the mire of Pagan demonry, and to this Pagan demon-worship.'

Mr. Newman decidedly recommends diet to the soul, *not* exercise to the intellect. 'Let him cast away scorn and self-sufficiency; let him cultivate a little more of that charity which he calls 'bastard;' let him not think that questions which pertain to God are advanced by boisterous glee, and facetious scoffs, and personal antagonisms; let him chatter less and watch over his own heart more; let him cherish more truthfulness and directness, and much more tenderness of conscience.'

Now how does this facetious Pagan devil-worshipper take these gentle admonitions from his spiritual censor? Our question is answered in one of the most masterly refutations of every personal charge, most thorough exposures of incoherent speculation, and most triumphant vindications of the Gospel against its modern assailants in English literature. When it so pleases

him, the author is as facetious as ever, yet without substituting jests for arguments, or witty allusions for serious appeals. His criticism is keen, logical, destructive. His moral indignation is gravely, but not bitterly, expressed. His ridicule is positively withering. His devout feeling is calmly, moderately, yet freely uttered. His general views of the great questions touched in this controversy are comprehensive; while, at the same time, his analysis of his opponent's reasonings and statements is pursued to the utmost extent of minute examination. His style is pungent in satire, rigid in argument, playful when dealing with the ludicrous, refined at repartee, and masculine in serious discussion. With much of Mr. Newman's classic elegance, he soars immeasurably beyond him in grasp of intellect and power of reasoning. In rebuke he is terrible, by reason of the moral vitality and religious earnestness with which he writes. We do not hesitate to say that he has utterly demolished his antagonist. From such a work it is not easy to make extracts, but we must make room for the following:—

‘And now, what, after all, does all the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes,—it is felt that the Christ here portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history, in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here an entire oblivion. But Humanity will not forget them; men still “wonder at the gracious words which proceeded out of Christ’s mouth,” and persist in saying, “Never man spake like this man.” The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the “upper room,” where He instituted the beautiful feast, which should for ever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to His disciples the legacy of His love: the scenes of the Garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which He bore wrong, the gentleness with which He rebuked, and the love with which He forgave it; the thousand acts of His benign condescension, by which He well earned for Himself, from self-righteous pride and hypocrisy, the name of “the friend of publicans and sinners;”—these and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisp in infancy loves to hear on its mother’s knees, and over them age, with its grey locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by fictions! Ah! what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can



prevent men from thinking as they ever have done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in agony of tears;—they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty Sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be “remembered by Him when He came into His Kingdom;”—they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs—or the maniacs, if the infidel will, for it does not help him—sat listening at His feet, and “in their right mind;”—they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus, not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to Him and say, “Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died;”—they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proofs of His mission, and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character, and are types of the spiritual cures His gospel can yet perform;—they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time,—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him “who brought life and immortality to light;”—they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side,—type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have “sought the grave to weep there,” and found joy and consolation in Him “whom, though unseen, they loved;”—they must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of His disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph;—they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares Himself “the Resurrection and the Life,”—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, they would see Him who is “invested with the keys of the invisible world,”—“who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens,” letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies;—they must blot out, they must destroy, these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him from having the pre-eminence, who loved, because He loved us, to call Himself the “Son of Man,” though angels called Him the “Son of God.”

‘It is in vain to tell men it is an illusion. If it be an illusion, every variety of experiment proves it to be inveterate, and will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans! *Probatum est.* At his feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years has come to pour forth, in faith and love, its sorrows, and finds there “the peace which the world can neither give nor take away.” Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found and will find repose there, and have invested Him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His.—pp. 142-144.

- ART. VIII.—*Die Caucasische Militärstrasse, &c.* (The Caucasian Military Road, the Kuban, and the Peninsula of Taman; Reminiscences of a Journey from Tiflis to Crimea). By Professor Dr. Charles Koch. Leipzig: Frederic Fleischer. 1851.
2. *Reise nach dem Caucasischen Isthmus fut.* (Journey to the Caucasian Isthmus in the Years 1836-1838.) By Dr. Charles Koch. Stuttgart. 1853.
3. *Russland und die Tscherkessen.* (Russia and the Circassians). By Dr. Charles F. Neumann. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta. 1840.
4. *The Caucasus.* By Ivan Golovin. London: Triebner and Co. 1854.

THE war between Turkey and Russia directs once more the attention of Western Europe to the Caucasus, and to the nations which inhabit the country around that mountain range. Ivan Golovin's publication could not, therefore, appear more opportunely. The author is a Russian exile of high connexions, the son of a Russian general who has served in the Caucasus. His volume contains valuable information about the native inhabitants of the Russian dominions between the Euxine and the Caspian, and many important facts on Shamyl and the wars of the mountaineers with Russia. As he is a foreigner, we make, with pleasure, some allowance for the abruptness of his style, and the incomplete form of his publication. Dr. Koch, the Bavarian naturalist, gives us some very interesting hints about the social condition of the Caucasian nations; whilst Dr. Charles Neumann, the celebrated ethnographer, of Munich, has collected all the information of ancient mediæval and modern authors up to the year of the publication of his compilation in an agreeable and amusing volume.

The actual features of the Isthmus between the Euxine and the Caspian explain all the ethnographical peculiarities of that country. The Caucasus is an extensive steep and high mountain range, with many towering peaks covered by eternal snow. Dividing the plains of Northern Russia from the undulating country of Georgia, it runs from sea to sea in a south-easterly direction like a continuous wall, interrupted only in its very centre by the narrow pass of Dariel, celebrated in history and tradition as the Caucasian Gate. Many deep ravines and torrents intersect the mountains, and divide the fertile plateaux from one another, where elms, oaks, fruit-trees, encircled by luxuriant vine, grow freely, whilst the industry of the inhabitants produces chiefly Indian corn and millet for food, and raises a considerable quantity of cattle.

These deep ravines, steep mountain peaks, and lovely dales, bound by rocks, are a great hindrance to the social and commercial intercourse of the mountaineers. They necessitate a life of seclusion for every dale and plateau, and prevent the tribes from becoming a compact nation. But this seclusion has maintained likewise the liberty, independence, and peculiarities of tribe-government, with all those hereditary feuds and border forays with which we meet wherever the strong bond of common nationality are not acknowledged. No country on earth, of an equal extent, contains, therefore, so many nationalities and idioms as the country between the Black Sea and the Caspian. 'Every tribe in the Caucasus,' says Bestusheff, 'has its own way of carrying on war; its own manners and customs; its own prejudices and its own enjoyments.' Seclusion maintains ignorance, rudeness, and traditional peculiarities, whilst at the same time it promotes the feelings of independence and love of liberty. Even kindred tribes and idioms become, in the course of centuries, foreign to one another by want of intercommunication. Such was the condition of the Caucasus in the times of the Roman empire; such it is now. Strabo relates that, according to the Greek seafarer, Timosthenes, there were three hundred tribes all different in language and manners, who used to come down to the mart of Dioscurias (now Iskuri in Mingrelia), to exchange their products for Greek commodities, and especially for salt, of which they were in great need. Though Strabo doubts the accuracy of so exaggerated a statement, still he believes that there were about seventy different nationalities occasionally visiting the place. And this statement seems not to be overdrawn, for even now, we are informed, by Russian authors and German travellers, that the inhabitants of one valley often do not understand their nearest neighbours on the adjacent plateau, and that it is nearly impossible to find out all the different dialects and languages of the people, though there is one language by which all the tribes can communicate, since they all understand, more or less, the Tartar or rather Turkoman language, the mother of the Turkish—that tongue which is understood all over Central Asia, from the eastern shores of the Adriatic to the sources of the Yellow and Blue rivers in China.

We are accustomed in Europe to designate all the mountaineers of the Caucasus by the name of Circassians; but this is not correct. Only the Adighe tribes, the most handsome of the Caucasians, an aristocratic princely people, who inhabit the eastern slopes of the Caucasus, from the north-eastern edge of the Black Sea to the Upper Kuban, and to the sources of the Kuma, are called 'Tsherkess' by their neighbours. They have all made their peace with the Russians; they acknowledge the supremacy of the Czar; the sons of their nobles serve in the Muscovite



army, and form a most picturesque corps of horsemen, clad in coats of mail, and in the native costume of the Caucasus. We have seen them at the second battle of Waitzen, in Hungary, where they could not resist the impetuous charge of the Hungarian hussars. Their manners are aristocratical, and the ranks of society among them are distinguished by their attire. The numerous princes wear red boots, the noblemen yellow ones, the peasants, a less well-shaped class than the aristocracy, black shoes. As the nearest neighbours of the Russians, they visit the Russian forts for the peaceable exchange of their products, and this commerce has resulted in diminishing hatred between the two nations. The Adighe princes, therefore, soon submitted to the Czar, though they are not reliable subjects; whenever one of them feels offended by a Cossack or Russian officer, he goes over to the independent tribes. On the whole, their contact with the Russians has not been beneficial to the Circassians. Dr. Koch, the German naturalist, says:

‘Circassian princes and noblemen learned, by a more intimate acquaintance with the Russian lords, that the lower classes in Russia are slaves. Cunning as they are, they immediately made use of this knowledge, and not only took formal possession of the soil of their territory, but likewise pretended that they had a right of property in the Circassian peasant who had settled on their domains.’

‘Serfage, which formerly had never existed in the Caucasus, unfortunately now prevails there. Thus Russia has enriched the native princes at the expense of the people; and in the belief that she had secured the devotion of the former, she has lost the sympathy of the bulk of the population.’—Vol. i. p. 352.

The neighbours of the Circassians, on the western slope of the Caucasus, in the narrow angle between the Black Sea and the mountains, are the Usbichs and Dshigetes, who form the Shapsugh confederacy. They continue the war with Russia, and though they have been cut off from communication with the Black Sea by a chain of Russian forts, they do not submit to the Czar. These forts watch the country, but cannot keep it in subjection. No Muscovite dares to leave the fort after sunset, and the troops must always move in large columns lest they be cut off by hostile mountaineers. The tribes of the Shapsugh confederacy are republican; they could not be induced to acknowledge a common chief, since they fear he might be bribed by Russia to sell the independence of their country. Next to them we find the numerous tribes of the Avgasses, or Abhasians, on both slopes of the Caucasus, on the Black Sea, and on the sources of the Kuban and Kuma. Their sixteen dialects are all of the Adighe stock; they always have lived under monarchical forms; and of all the mountaineers they are the most peaceable and sub-

missive to Russia. The Ingushes, Tshetshenes, and Karabulaks inhabit the steep fastnesses above the gates of the Caucasus, their territory being bounded by the river Sunja and the lesser Kabarda. They speak kindred dialects, and are united for carrying on a war of depredation against the encroaching Russians. Often defeated, they always rise again; and are never disheartened by the destruction of their farms and fields. The Ossetes, likewise inhabitants of the Northern Caucasus, but friendly to the Russians, call themselves Iranians, and are taken by German authors for the descendants of the Teutonic people of the Alans, whilst the Russians derive them from the Slavonic Jazyks, and the Hungarians recognise in them their kin, the Jass. Their language, divided into different dialects, is, of course, neither Teutonic, nor Hungarian, nor Slavonic, but belongs to the Medopersian family. The Suans are a Georgian race, but, because living in the mountains, less cultivated than their brethren in the plain.

Daghestan, the great triangle between the Southern Caucasus and the Caspian, has been, since 1830, the principal seat of the Circassian war. The inhabitants of that mountainous but fertile country are Lesghians, who acknowledge the supremacy of Shamyl Bey, and defy the armies of the Czar. In a war of twenty-four years he has not been able, either by arms or bribes, to subject this people, though their number does not exceed 400,000. Less handsome in their features, and less picturesque in their attire, they are superior to the Circassians by their intrepidity, love of liberty, and industry. They are all freemen; the only slaves among them are the prisoners of war.

Besides the mountaineers we find many different nationalities on the neck of land bound by the two seas. Turkoman tribes, Kumyks, and Nogai Tartars, pitch their tents on the rivers Kuma and Terek, and till the soil on the river Kuban. A colony of fireworshippers has settled at Baku, around the naphtha springs and natural gaz-jets of the Caspian Peninsula Apsharon. Again, a few German villages were built, in 1818, by Suabian emigrants, in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, at the time when enthusiasm for Russia was universal, and it was believed the country of liberty and prosperity. Portuguese Jews, and some Karaites, who do not acknowledge the Talmud, are to be met with at all the markets of Transcaucasia. A considerable number of Armenians dwell on the southern highland at the foot of Ararat. They mostly emigrated thither after the treaty of Gulistan, in 1827, which stipulated for those who feared to be punished for the attachment which they had shown to the Russians during the war, that they should be free to depart from the dominions of the Shah. Many other Armenians, who were not compro-

mised, followed them, allured by Russian promises, and the emigration amounted to 30,000 families. But the Russians failed to fulfil their pledges, the principal of which was a national Armenian administration; and this nation, therefore, like the Jews, continue to be a wandering people on earth, without a home, their country being divided, like Poland, between three powers. Those who remain in the land of their fathers and its neighbourhood, around Ararat, are the most wretched of all; for in the cities of Persia and Turkey the Armenians belong to the moneyed classes,—they are the bankers of the East.

The greatest portion of the inhabitants of the Caucasian Isthmus belong to the Grusian, or, as it is likewise called, Georgian race, which is divided into four distinct portions: the Grusians, the Mingrelians, the Imeritians, and the Suanes. The Suanes only, who live in the mountains, are pagans; the other three kindred nations are, from times of old, Christians of the Armenian Church. The kingdom of Guriel, or Grusia, retained its independence, though lying between the great Mussulman empires of Turkey and Persia, up to the beginning of the present century. But when it came into contact with Russia, the 'orthodox' Czar proved more encroaching than the Sunnite Sultan and Shiite Shah. Heraclius, the King of Guriel or Georgia (the Jorjan of the Orientals) put his kingdom under the protection of the Emperor Paul, in order to obtain assistance against the Lesghians and Persians, and the 'magnanimous Czar, Alexander, who never aimed at territorial aggrandizement,' prevailed on the idiotic king, George XIII., to deliver up his kingdom, which, in 1802, was proclaimed to be a province of Russia. Annexation in these countries is of more ancient date than in America. The King of Imeritia, Alexander, and the King of Kachetia or Mingrelia, Alexander II., took, already in 1650, the oath of allegiance to the Muscovite Czar, but the descendants of these princes retained a shadow of sovereignty until the disinterested Czar, Alexander, declared likewise Imeritia and Mingrelia to be Russian provinces in the beginning of our century, and united them to Georgia under the title of 'the Transcaucasian government.' The families of the sovereigns of these kingdoms were all transferred to St. Petersburg, to augment the number of the countless princes of the Russian empire. Society pays them royal honours by courtesy, but they have no other privileges than those of all the noblemen of Russia.

The Georgians, Mingrelians, and Imeritians, are a handsome but indolent and apathetic race; and the sovereignty of Russia has not in any way improved their condition. Their aristocracy spend their income at Tiflis now, at the court of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, whilst it formerly was at the



court of their native king. This is all the difference between their former and present condition, since, except the great military road from Tiflis to Mosdok, through the gates of the Caucasus, no works of public utility have been built here, no culture of any new staple-article for commerce has been introduced. It is only the Kachetian wine which finds now more customers than before by the increased demand of the many army officers who carry on the war against the Tshetshenes, Lesghians, and Shapsughes. The energies of the native population have not been roused by the Muscovite government; the Russian has no propensity for colonization, and does not disturb the natives. But even if he had the restless temper of the Anglo-Celt, the institution of serfage which binds the great bulk of the nation to the soil, would prevent the extension of the empire by the migration of the inhabitants. All the conquests of Russia are, therefore, political conquests by the sword of her army, or by the cunning of her diplomacy; her history has not to record peaceable conquests by the plough. Transcaucasia, for half a century under the direct sway of the Czar, has not been transformed into a New Russia; the inhabitants have all remained what they were, their commerce and industry have not increased beyond the average growth before the incorporation: the Armenians regret their rash immigration to Russia, though a quarter of a century might have repaired their losses, and befriended them to the government, to which they had originally been attached by sympathy, and the mountaineers have not yet been either conciliated or crushed.

The only colonization familiar to the Russians is a military and penal colonization. The Caucasus was to be watched and its inhabitants to be fought, and the Cossacks of the Don, the Volga, and Lesser Russia were therefore forced to settle in its neighbourhood in military colonies. A chain of forts has been built around the mountains, and peopled by Cossacks and by political offenders, whose crimes were not serious enough for Siberia. In 1831 the nobility of the Ukraine had raised and equipped, at its own expense, four Cossack regiments for the war of the Czar against Polish independence. Two of these regiments were in 1833 transferred to the Caucasus, and settled there as Cossacks of the line; thus they have been transformed into forced colonists from temporary soldiers. According to the valuable facts and figures of Golovin, there are about 40,000 Cossacks in Caucasia, one-sixth of whom are in active service. This is a small number, if we consider that it was Peter the Great who established the first five Cossack military stations along the Terek. Russian colonization is, until now, of no importance for the historian of the progress of human civilization.

But why is it then, that the Czar is so intensely bent upon the

subjection of these wild mountaineers, and that he spends more treasures on the Caucasian war in ten years than all the province of Transcaucasia could repay in a century? We find the answer in the official description of Transcaucasia. 'The value of the provinces beyond the Caucasus,' thus runs the official report, 'does not consist in their extension, but in their climate, the nature of the soil, and their *geographical position*. A deep political interest is connected with the occupation of that country, and with the safety of communication with the other provinces.' Of course it is the only high road for Russian armies to Persia and to Asiatic Turkey, to the plateau of Kurdistan, which is the key to both the great Mussulman empires of Turkey and Persia. Whoever is the master of these elevated regions, is virtually the master of Asia Minor and Azerbaijan; and since the plans of Russia are not those of internal development, but of continuous extension and conquest, her desires do not stop even with Asia Minor and with Azerbaijan. Well, therefore, may the Czar exert all the resources of his empire, to keep open the gates which leading to those countries, which from time immemorial, have been regarded as the garden of the world.

We do not deny that the mountaineers of the Caucasus have predatory habits;—that, like all primitive people, they do not know an intermediate state between war and amity. All the foreigners, therefore, with whom no amity has been made are regarded as enemies, with whom the mountaineers are in a state of hostility. But the horrors of this primitive state are considerably softened by the habits of hospitality, which have become a sacred institution. Any kindness shown to the Circassian is rewarded by an adoption into the nation, and every guest is invested with a sacred character; his host pledges himself for his safety. The Circassian dwellings are isolated like the cottages of the Anglo-Saxons; everybody builds his hut on his property, where he finds it most convenient, the houses therefore do not stand close to each other, nor do they form streets. A Circassian farm consists in several small cottages of clay or freestone, thatched with straw. The best of these buildings forms the centre, and is called the house of the guest, destined beforehand for the foreigner; round it are the dwellings of his master, his wives, children, and servants; about thirty persons belong on an average to a farm. When guests arrive, the host always places them round the table, but whatever be his own rank, even if far superior to that of his guests, he never sits down, and remains at a respectful distance, anxious to anticipate the wishes of his friends. There is no instance of a Circassian having violated the rights of hospitality, yet whoever comes into their country, without having secured a host, and by him the amity of

the tribe, becomes a slave (Neumann, p. 123). This is the fate of all the Russian deserters; the Poles are better treated. As soon as it is ascertained that they are really Poles, they become guests.

With the Circassians, slavery does not imply social degradation. No stain is attached to a freed man, he becomes an equal to all the free. The father, as with the Romans, is the uncontrolled master of his children; he may sell them into Turkish slavery. No young man or girl regards it a great misfortune to be sold, for they know that the slave in Turkey becomes a member of the family, and, if distinguished by talents, may rise to the highest posts in the Ottoman empire. Half of the present ministers of the Sultan, and both his brothers-in-law, have been originally slaves. As to the girls, they know that the Sultan is the son and the husband of a Circassian slave. This is the reason why many of this people—so jealous of their independence—themselves give their assent to be sold as slaves to the haughty Turk or to the effeminate Persian.

Boys are seldom brought up in the house of their parents; all the tribe has a right to their training. Whoever of the nation feels himself able to bestow education in the Circassian manner, may claim to be the fosterfather of a child, and to take it to his home. Should more than one warrior announce this intention, then umpires are named who have to decide how long each of the claimants is to have the superintendence of the boy. It happens even that such fosterfathers abduct their pupils, if they cannot get them by fair means; and provided that the abductor be of known bravery, such a deed is not punished in the mountains. The parents have no right to decline offers of education; therefore they immediately after the birth of a boy name from among their friends or kin a fosterfather for him, who selects one or more nurses for the child. From that moment the parents have lost the right of arranging for the training of their son; and it is taken as an evidence of weakness if the father utters even the wish of seeing his child.

Education consists with the Circassian in the development of bodily strength and skill:—

‘The stripling is taught to fight, to manage wild horses, to wrestle, and to shoot with the bow, pistol, and musket. He is taught how to behave at incursions in the country of the enemy and in stealing; he learns to endure hunger, thirst, and harassing marches. Great care is likewise bestowed on the development of their poetical and oratorical powers, in order to get influence at the popular meetings. This kind of training was so highly prized that, according to the Mohammedan authors, the khans and grandees of Crimea often sent their sons to the Caucasus to be brought up by Circassians. When the education is finished, the young man is brought in triumph to the house of his



parents by the fosterfather, who is remunerated by the family according to the attainments of the pupil, and remains for ever a friend and relative. The son belongs now again to the father and mother. Adoption is likewise often resorted to in Circassia. In such cases, the person to be adopted, whether a stranger or foreigner, touches the breast of his future mother with his lips, and gives some presents to the family. Thus even the foreigner gets all the rights and privileges of the Circassian; he can marry a daughter of the country, and take part in the deliberations of the tribe.'—Neumann, p. 114.

Another noble feature of the Circassian is his respect for women. They enjoy more liberty and greater honours than anywhere else in the East:—

'The wives and the daughters of the princes and noblemen are present at the public meetings, where the policy of the country is discussed. When a horseman meets with a female on a footpath, he vaults from the horse and offers her to mount it. Should she refuse, he is bound by custom to accompany her on foot as far as their way is the same. The women never abuse their freedom; their modesty and chastity is acknowledged by friend and foe; they are industrious, and have to do all the in-door work of the household.'—Neumann, p. 115.

As to the industrious habits of the mountaineers, we quote Golovin:—

'Gardens are very numerous, and, rich in a variety of fruit-trees. Those orchards formed in artificial terraces on the rocks are an evidence of the extraordinary perseverance of the inhabitants, for the earth has often to be brought from a great distance on the backs of asses. One sees narrow enclosures rising one above the other like so many steps. . . . Canals are numerous for irrigation; many of them extend to two and more miles, and the water of them is raised by water-wheels to the higher grounds.'—p. 161.

But all these good qualities of the Circassians do not impress deeply the mind of the Russian poets and novelists, who, almost without exception, observe only the dark side of the character of the mountaineers, to whom they apply the words of Byron:

'Sad as the accents of lovers' farewell  
Are the deeds which they do and the tales which they tell.'

Indeed, hereditary vengeance, as Golovin remarks, is one of the most striking features in the Caucasus:—

'Certain families in Daghestan have, from time almost immemorial, been engaged in a deadly struggle for mutual destruction. An offence or treason is visited with vengeance, and that retaliation, which is punished in its turn, superinduces a series of cruelties perpetrated successively by both parties.

'The Russian government has as yet done nothing to repress that destructive propensity; on the contrary, it has turned it to its own advantage; for those who are offended apply to it for the destruction of their enemies. A Russian captain, who commanded the district Wel-

kent, on the road from Derbend to Kisliar, lent, in 1836, his residence to the princes of the family of Kaitach, for their mutual slaughter. The vestiges of the fight are still shown in a small room where it took place, and where thirteen persons were murdered. Elder-Bey, it is said, had repudiated a woman, and her brothers swore to avenge the deed. Moreover, Cetz-Bey, of Kaitach, had been exiled to Siberia, through the accusations of an uncle of his, who had been killed by his brother, so that it was retaliation or thirst for vengeance that led to one of the most extraordinary massacres on record.

'However, money or cattle is accepted as compensation on many occasions. Sometimes, in order to restore peace between two families, children are transferred, in order to equalize the number of victims on both sides, and those children are wantonly and unmercifully murdered.

'Shamyl has done everything in his power to uproot and render execrable that law of blood which ravages the ranks of his warriors.'—pp. 165-166.

Such is the people with whom the Russians carry on an unmerciful war; every deed of blood results in retaliation, and the contest becomes endless. It is true the Russians plead that they have begun it in order to stop the slave-trade, and to repress the robberies of the mountaineers, who carry off the cattle, and the wives and daughters of the Don Kossaks settled in their neighbourhood by the order of the Czar. But in 1845, Count (Prince) Woronzoff reestablished the slave-trade, which is now openly carried on with the assent of the Russian government. It was thought a concession to the Circassians which might soothe their enmity. As to their plundering habits, nobody denies them. But it is difficult to state who has begun the warfare of destruction and abduction, which has been carried on for nearly a century. Golovin tells us (page 81), 'That the first Cossack colonists of Caucasia, the garrison of the Stanitza-Czervenaja (the Red Fort), carried away Circassian women, and that their union has produced a population fewer than that of their neighbours.' And again we are told by the same author, that—

'No quarter is given in the battles between the Russians and the mountaineers, and if a village is surprised by the troops of the Czar, it is destroyed, the men killed, the females and children, together with the cattle, carried away, and distributed among the Kossaks.'

'Peace,' say the Russian military men (we quote again Golovin), 'cannot be obtained unless all the inhabitants of Daghestan are slaughtered (!) This measure has always been resisted by the Russian government, which plumes itself on its humanity, but which shows so little concern for the chronic effusion of blood, caused by the protracted war.' . . . 'Colonization,' says the same author, 'might be effective, but the population of Russia is not sufficiently numerous to colonize the Caucasus. Besides, the inhabitants of the plain are not willing to

leave their fertile fields in order to go and cultivate the rocks in the mountains.'—p. 156.

Again he says :

'It is difficult to determine which of the two belligerent parties is more harsh towards its prisoners. Those taken by the Circassians become slaves and must work in the fields, or are shut up in prison, and are often flogged until their ransom arrives. Siberia, on the other hand, and the prisons of the South of Russia, are filled with Circassians, called Brigands, whilst their great crime in general has consisted in heroically fighting for the defence of their country.'—p. 151.

The following proclamation of Shamyl, issued in 1844, to the two Kabardas,—districts which have partially submitted to the Russians,—gives us more insight into the character of these mountaineers, than any elaborate essay. It is published by Golovin, whose work on the Caucasus is full of the most interesting facts:—

'Do not believe that God favours numbers! God sides with good men, and they are always less numerous than the wicked. Carry your eyes around you, and everywhere you will find the confirmation of what I am telling you. Are there not less roses than ill weeds? Is there not more mire than pearls, more vermin than useful beasts? Is not gold more scarce than common metal? And are we not nobler than gold and roses, than pearls and horses, and all the useful animals taken together? For all the treasures of earth are transient, whilst we have been promised an eternal life.

'But, if there are more ill weeds than roses, are we, instead of extirpating them, to wait until, by their growing and increasing, they have stifled noble flowers? And if our enemies are more numerous than we are, is it wise to allow them to take us in their nets?

'Do not say,—Our enemies have subdued Tcherkey, conquered Akhoulgo, and taken all Avaria! When the thunder strikes a tree, do other trees bend down their heads and fall, out of fear of being struck in their turn?

'Oh! you, little in your faith, follow the example given you by the greenwood! Indeed, the trees of the forest would have made you ashamed of yourselves, if they had a language and could speak.

'Moreover, when a fruit happens to be gnawed by worms, do other fruits rot out of fear of being eaten by worms?

'Do not, therefore, be astonished at infidels increasing so quick, and sending always fresh troops to the field of battle, to replace those which we have destroyed. For I tell you, a thousand mushrooms and venomous plants grow out of the earth before a single good tree has reached maturity. I am the root of the tree of liberty; my Murides are the trunk, and you are the branches. But do not believe that the rottenness of one branch will cause the decay of all the tree. God will cut off bad branches, and throw them into the fire of hell, for He is a good gardener.

'Come back, therefore, full of repentance, and enlist in the ranks of



those who fight for our faith, and you shall obtain my favour, and I will be your protection.

‘But, if you continue to believe in the seductions of Christian dogs, and in flax-hair, more than in my exhortations, then I will accomplish what Ghasi Mohammed promised you formerly. My huntings shall invade your aouls (Circassian villages), like the gloomy cloud of the storm, in order to obtain through force what you refuse to kindness. Blood will mark my road; terror and devastation will follow me; for what the power of speech cannot accomplish, action must be at hand to perform.’—p. 36.

As to the religious feelings, they do not seem to be very deeply rooted with the Circassians. In the time of the Byzantine empire they were converted to the Eastern Church. Some traces of Christianity are even now to be met with among them. On the ancient tombstones the monogram of Christ is yet visible; the missionaries of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries describe them as being nominal Christians; they never drank wine at their feasts without invoking the saints, and even now, according to Major Taush, the Avghasses believe in a Creator, a Mother of God, and several heavenly powers which they call apostles. They believe in immortality, and in eternal reward or punishment. But, says Major Taush, they do not care much for future life, and rather try to make the present one comfortable. The forests are their temples, and a cross forms their altar, under which they sacrifice a sheep, goat, or bull. Any one of the elder persons uncovers his head, takes a torch, singes the hair of the animal, and pours a drink, made of fermented millet, on the head of the victim, which is killed immediately. The head of the animal remains on a pillar near the altar; the skin belongs to the sacrifice; the meat is eaten by all those present. The priest takes then a piece of bread in one hand, and a full tumbler of the millet-drink in the other, he raises them, utters a prayer to God, blesses the bread and drink, and hands them to the eldest man present. The next offering is accompanied by an invocation of the Mother of God, and then of the apostles; after which he announces when the next meeting is to be held, always on a Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday. The great bulk of the other tribes, and principally of the Tshetshenes, have been converted to the Islam of the Sunnite form; yet there is no fanaticism amongst them. The Suans believe in the migration of souls; polygamy is not tolerated among them, and every man is obliged to marry the widow of his brother, like the ancient Jews.

‘The Ossetians,’ according to Golovin, ‘offered formerly resistance to the attempts of their conversion by the Russians. But in our days the number of converts is greater than that of the population; that is to

say, since the Russian government offers one silver rouble (two shillings) a silver cross, and some garments to every mountaineer who embraces Christianity, many make it a trade to be converted several times, and at different places; and this imposition is facilitated by the carelessness with which the Russian priests keep their registers. Since the time of Khasi Mullah (1830), who preached the war against Russia, the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, a revival of Mohammedanism has taken place. Shamyl is not only the chief of the Tshetshenes, but likewise their prophet; the precepts of the Koran are taught all over the mountains. But the fundamental principle which is inculcated now, is love of independence, and hatred to Russia!—p. 84.

The struggle of the mountaineers with the Russians is of old date; in fact, it has never ceased from the time that they came in contact with Russia. Sheikh Mansur led them in the last century, but after six years of victorious struggle he fell into the hands of the Russians at the storming of the fortress Anapa, in 1791, and died shortly afterwards in prison. His death did not stop hostilities, but for a long time there rose no such chief among the Circassians as to become important and dangerous to the Russians. But about the year 1820 a sect of religious enthusiasts sprang up among the Ulemas, or Mohammedan clergy of the Caucasus. Sheikh Mansur was the forerunner of this sect.

‘Nearly thirty years after his death,’—[we quote from Count Gurovski’s able essay on the Caucasus, which appeared in the ‘New York Tribune,’ Feb. 8th, 1854]—‘Khasi-Mullah or Khasi-Mohamet, standing upon the new creed, raised the standard of religious fanaticism for the defence of the national independence. The principal feature of this new theology is the belief in a certain perfectibility of the worn-out forms of Islamism. Khasi-Mullah claimed to be immediately inspired and advised by God—and the revelations thus received were communicated by him to his immediate companions called *Murides* or *Murshides*, who formed a warlike priesthood and a kind of body-guard for the prophet. He was soon surrounded by numerous believers from all the parts of Daghestan, and especially from among the Lesghians and Tschetschenes. Khasi-Mullah warred for two years against the Russians, but finally, at the storm of the village of Himry, in 1832, he met the death of a hero and of a prophet, fighting to the last, and even after he had fallen, exciting his companions by inspiring songs. All the *Murides* fell with him on the battle-field. Among them was a young man named Shamyl. Struck by two balls and pierced by a bayonet, he lay there bathed in his blood among the corpses of his companions.

‘The history of Shamyl’s escape after this battle is still unknown. A few months from the catastrophe of Himry, he was the first *Muride* near the new Iman named Hamsad-Bey, who was assassinated by some of his rivals in 1834. Shamyl succeeded him, raised the standard of Khasi-Mullah, and the war of extermination began. He was born in 1797 at the same village of Himry, and at the age of thirty-seven became the chief of the Tschetschenes. In person he is of medium size, with light

hair ; his eyes, covered by long and bushy lashes, are full of fire ; his beard, though white, does not give him the appearance of age. He is very abstemious, eats little, drinks water, and sleeps but a few hours. For a long time the fastness of Akulcho was his residence, whence he darted upon the foe. "Mahomet was the first, Shamyl is the second prophet of Allah!" is the war-cry of Daghestan.

In 1839, the Russian general, Grabbe, attacked Shamyl in his retreat of Akulcho. The fortress was dismantled by heavy artillery, but the Tschetschenes did not suffer at all. Sheltered in vaults and crevices, they rushed out to fire their deadly rifles, and then disappeared. Several assaults were thus repulsed by them, but finally the rocks were mined, and at the fourth assault, after horrible bloodshed, the Russians took the fortress on the 22nd of August. But Shamyl was not to be found among the dead. With a few Murides he had retreated to the caverns of the mountain. There they constructed a kind of raft which they threw into the stream at the foot of the rocks. They leaped on this floating conveyance while they were fired at from both banks of the river. All perished but one, who plunged into the current, reached a sure spot, and disappeared in the mountains. This was Shamyl. After this defeat he visited the western tribes of the Caucasus, and preached among them the holy war against Russia, but without success. On his return he selected a new abode in the fortress of Dargo, situated in an almost impregnable position. Grabbe attacked him there in 1842. When the Russian army had completely entered the primitive forests and defiles around Dargo, it was surrounded by the troops of Shamyl and more than half of it destroyed. This was the most terrible defeat sustained by Russia during this whole protracted contest.

The war continued to be disastrous for the imperial troops. The commanders were changed again and again, and finally Prince Woronzoff was sent there with unlimited powers. At that moment the power of Shamyl was absolute and extensive. He ruled the Lesghians, the Tschetschenes, the Awars, the Kists, and the Kumiks. Shamyl, not only a warrior but a legislator, had established over the unruly princes of these tribes, a kind of theocratic monarchy; he had united tribes hitherto hostile to each other, organized a numerous military force, and in 1843 commanded above 5000 of the best cavalry in the world. His body-guard was then 1000 men. When Woronzoff took the command of the Russian army, his first idea was to avenge the defeat sustained at Dargo. He cut roads through the forests, and indeed felled the trees entirely for miles of country. Heroic feats signalized this campaign on both sides, but Dargo was finally taken and destroyed in the course of the year 1845. Yet his spirit was not broken. In 1846, Shamyl descended with nearly twenty thousand horse upon the western side of the Caucasus, invaded the Kabardians, and not being able to bring them to his side, pillaged the country, and returned to Daghestan without the Russians overtaking him.

Since that time the Russians have not undertaken any great expedition into the Plateau of Daghestan, but Prince Woronzoff



has slowly proceeded to inclose Shamyl and his Lesghians in a circle, and to narrow the area of their activity. In 1850, the mountaineers were defeated; in 1852, they were victorious. The war, however, has not been continued on a large scale; but according to the scanty information which oozes out from the official papers of St. Petersburg, in October last, Shamyl rushed from his retreat upon the enemy, and broke through the chain of forts which surrounds the mountains. One of his lieutenants received arms and ammunition from the Turks, in November, on the Avghassian shores, and conveyed them safely to Daghestan; we may therefore soon get tidings of new victories won by Shamyl-Bey, the enthusiastic warrior and wise legislator of the Lesghians, who is perhaps destined to become the sovereign of the Caucasus, and to secure the independence of his country against the encroachments of Russia.

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## Brief Notices.

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*The Works of John Bunyan.* With an Introduction to each Treatise, Notes, and a Sketch of his Life, Times, and Contemporaries. Imp. 8vo. Vol. III. Allegorical, Figurative, and Symbolical. Edited by George Offor, Esq. London and Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

THE most ardent worshipper of Bunyan cannot well desire a more honorable monument to his fame than such an Edition of his Works as the Messrs. Blackie have now supplied. The want of a creditable collection of his treatises has long been the disgrace of our theological literature. Many attempts have been made to supply it, but they have all failed, from various causes. Happily, the deficiency is now supplied, and it has been accomplished in a style which sets rivalry at defiance, and must constitute the standard edition of an author whose name is as imperishable as our language. We no longer complain of the delay; we rather rejoice in it, as it has probably induced Mr. Offor to give himself to his editorial work with an enthusiasm rarely equalled, and a

laboriousness and intelligence never certainly surpassed. The first two volumes of this edition were noticed in our Journal for March, 1852; and we have now great pleasure in reporting that the third and concluding volume fully justifies the terms we then employed. The contents of the volume are indicated on the title-page. It includes, with several other works, 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Holy War,' 'The Heavenly Footman,' 'The Holy City,' 'Solomon's Temple Spiritualized,' and 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.' A more attractive companion, therefore, cannot well be imagined. Some of the treatises in question are amongst the most bewitching in our language. They are equally fascinating to the old and the young; are favorites alike in the nursery and the study; and constitute the admiration of the learned and the delight of the illiterate.

These treatises are now, for the first time, presented with due editorial oversight. Some of them have indeed previously been given to the public in a style befitting their worth; but, *as a whole*, they have never till now been introduced in a form suitable to their character and merits. They are accurately reprinted from Bunyan's own editions, and all obsolete words, and ancient customs, are carefully explained. Each treatise has an appropriate 'Introduction' and Notes, furnishing all needful bibliographical information, and throwing light on whatever may be obscure in the language or allusions of the author. We have never met with an instance of editorial labor bespeaking information so full, ready, and diversified. Mr. Offor has evidently devoted himself heart and soul to his work. No inquiry has been too trifling, no fact too unimportant, to be thoroughly sifted, if it bore only the remotest connexion with the views and history of Bunyan. Several illustrations of this might be specified, but it is needless. Every page bears witness to the diligence and scrupulousness with which he has discharged his trust.

A 'Memoir,' extending to twenty-nine double-column pages, is prefixed to this volume, which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of Bunyan's biography. Future laborers in this department may supply more elegant sketches, but the most diligent will fail to make any material addition to the facts narrated by Mr. Offor. He has imbibed largely the spirit of his hero, and is evidently pervaded by a profound veneration for him. This feeling may, possibly, on some occasions, almost border on superstition, but we share it too largely to be severe judges.

The publishers have done their part admirably, and the numerous *illustrations* supplied are executed in superior style, and are in good keeping with the work. We need scarcely say that the Christian world is greatly indebted to Mr. Offor, and that his edition of Bunyan must at once, and permanently, supersede all others.

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*Letters of Lady Rachel Russell.* Two Volumes. Post 8vo.  
London: Longman and Co.

WE recently noticed a new edition of Lord John Russell's 'Life' of his distinguished ancestor, and have now the pleasure to announce a

greatly improved edition of the 'Letters' of Lady Rachel Russell, who has shared so largely in the affectionate veneration with which Englishmen cherish the memory of that patriotic and high-minded nobleman. The popularity of these 'Letters' is honorable to our countrymen. It has not arisen from literary eminence, or from any great historical value. They have no brilliancy or wit; do not deal in the gossip of the day; and never affect the character of reflecting the lights and shades which then flitted across the surface of English society. As Miss Berry remarks, in her advertisement to the 'Life of Lady Russell,' 'They will be found devoid of every ornament of style, and deficient in almost every particular that constitutes what are generally called entertaining letters. They are sometimes overcharged, sometimes confused with a repetition of trifling details, and sometimes the use of words antiquated in the signification here given to them add to this confusion.' Notwithstanding all this, however, the 'Letters' have been eminently popular, if popularity is to be judged of by wide and enduring circulation. Several editions have been called for, and the demand is now as general and earnest as at any former period. The edition before us is greatly superior to its predecessors, whether external appearance, or the completeness of the collection, be considered. Several additional letters are given to the public, a few of which are anterior to Lord Russell's death, but most of them were penned subsequently to that melancholy event. The whole are pervaded by the subdued and softened temper of a Christian lady, whose loveliness wins affection, while her solitary musings invest her simplest words with a melancholy charm which more joyous emotions could not command. 'The Letters of Lady Russell,' says her noble editor, 'as originally published, contain but one topic and one resource—that topic the judicial murder of her husband—that resource the strength of a soul sustained by all the fortitude of a heroine, and by all the piety of a saint.' Amongst the letters now published for the first time is one (Vol. II. p. 72) addressed to her children, on the 21st July, 1691, 'a day of sad remembrance,' wherein it is difficult to say which is most conspicuous, maternal love or earnest piety. We have always revered the character of Lady Russell, but never had so high an estimate of her christian excellence as this letter has inspired.

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*France before the Revolution; or, Priests, Infidels, and Huguenots in the reign of Louis XV.* By L. F. Bungener. Authorized Translation. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

Two translations of this work have already appeared;—one entitled 'The Court and the Desert,' in 3 vols. post 8vo, price £1 11s. 6d.; the other 'The Priest and the Huguenot; or, Persecution in the Age of Louis XV.' in 2 vols. 12mo, price 12s. The present edition, in foolscap 8vo, is published at 7s. only, and the author, *which we are always glad to report*, has an equal interest with the publishers in its success. The edition moreover is a very neat one, and the translation reads with the ease of an original. Under such circumstances there



can be no doubt as to which of the three editions should be preferred. To Englishmen we need not say one word on this point. Their own good sense will instantly determine their preference.

It will be more pertinent to speak of the work itself, though this is scarcely necessary, as it is already known to many of our readers. Last month we noticed another work of M. Bungener, 'The Preacher and the King,' referring to an earlier period of French history. The one now before us displays the same happy combination of historical knowledge and enlightened evangelicism with vivid imagination and great descriptive powers. It is designed to illustrate the ecclesiastical history of France from the publication of the persecuting edicts of Louis XIV. to the commencement of the age of infidelity in the seventeenth century. Louis XV., and Madame de Pompadour, ministers of state, Jesuit fathers, an impoverished exchequer, a prison and the stake, the consultations of the encyclopædists, and the faith and hope of the children of the desert, constitute the machinery employed. The main interest however centres in Bridaine the missionary, Rabaut the preacher, and Bruyn the recovered apostate. The character and views of each are well brought out, and their parts are consistently sustained. Bridaine is the most questionable on this latter point. The Christian and the priest fearfully struggle, but the former happily prevails, though the latter seems to check somewhat the flow of christian sympathy and love. There are passages in the book of thrilling interest, and the whole is pervaded by a deep sense of the inviolability of conscience and the wickedness of persecution.

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*Curiosities of London Life; or, Phases, Physiological and Social, of the Great Metropolis.* By Charles Manby Smith, Author of 'The Working Man's Way in the World.' pp. 408. London: William and Frederick G. Cash.

'TRUTH is stranger than fiction,' says the proverb, and if any doubt this, we advise their reading the volume before us. The narratives it contains are deeply interesting. They pertain to a portion of human history not frequently penned, and reveal phases of society which few have the opportunity of scanning. Mr. Smith does not address himself to a morbid and prurient curiosity, much less does he seek popularity by catering to the vicious propensities which frequently underlie the decorum and superficial morality of our times. He writes like an intelligent and benevolent man, who for many years past has regarded the streets of London 'as an open book, in which he that runs to and fro may read as he goes along, gathering not merely amusement and excitement, but valuable instruction too, from its ever varying pages.' 'I have cautiously refrained,' he tells us, 'from knowingly overstepping the limits of fact, because whatever merits a work professedly descriptive of human life and conduct may possess, it cannot lack fidelity and be of any real value. The reader may rely upon the truth of the details he will here peruse. The only fictions are those harmless and transparent ones in which the writer has chosen sometimes, for obvious

reasons, to involve both himself and some designations of persons and places which it would not have been prudent to call by their real names.' This is as it should be, and there is nothing in the volume which shakes our confidence in the Author's statement. He has collected together a large fund of information respecting the many classes into which the poorer inhabitants of London are divided, and lays this before his readers in a style at once chaste and pleasing. The information communicated is what all covet, but few possess; and the manner in which it is conveyed attaches us to the author, while it deepens our sympathy with the children of poverty and wretchedness. Few volumes are more sure to be read through, or are better suited to give a practical direction to the floating philanthropy of the day.

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*History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the Beginning of the Reformation to 1850.* With Reference also to Transylvania. Translated by the Rev. J. Craig, D.D., Hamburgh. With an Introduction by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. 8vo. pp. 464. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE history of Hungarian protestantism is little known in this country. Our attention has been almost exclusively directed to the German and Swiss branches of the Reformation, and we have consequently failed to understand some bearings of the great question, or to appreciate rightly the events which led to it, or the difficulties it had to encounter. This deficiency is well supplied, so far as Hungary and Transylvania are concerned, by the volume before us, which has been prepared with much care, displays extensive research, and is pervaded by a discriminating and conscientious spirit. The student of ecclesiastical history will be gratified by its painstaking labors; while the more general reader will gather from its pages a large mass of information, for which he must otherwise search through many bulky volumes. The author, as every historical writer should do, has indicated the authorities on which his statements are founded, and has thus furnished his readers with the means of correcting his errors, and of supplying his omissions. The work is anonymous, which we regret the less, as the names of Drs. Craig and Merle D'Aubigné are given. The latter has prefixed an Introduction, in the course of which he says, 'The Author is a man possessed of enlightened piety, sound judgment, integrity, faithfulness, and christian wisdom. He has obtained his materials from the most authentic sources. Government edicts, protocols, convent visitation reports, and official correspondence, have all been consulted with scrupulous attention, as is proved by the numerous quotations which he cites. He has thus sought to place the authenticity of his book on an indisputable basis, and at the same time to render it impervious to the shafts of hostile criticism.' From such a quarter this is high praise; but no attentive reader of the volume will be inclined to question its correctness. As filling up a chasm which has long existed in the history of Protestant Christianity, and intro-

ducing to our acquaintance many noble witnesses to 'the truth,' we receive the work with thankfulness, and cordially recommend it to our friends.

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*The Political Annual and Reformer's Hand-Book for 1854.* Fcap. Svo. pp. 96. London: A. and S. Cockshaw.

THIS little volume must not be confounded with the *Almanacks*, of which so many are now published at the close of each year. It has a higher aim, and will prove much more serviceable. It commences with an analysis of the parliamentary session of 1852, 1853, extending to twenty-three pages, which is executed with much skill and distinctness. The Census Returns on 'Religious Worship' are also analyzed, and their main points lucidly exhibited. A list is furnished of the county and borough members, with a return of the population, the inhabited houses, and the number of electors in each. The anticipated Reform Bill, the Ballot, the Braintree Church-rate decision, and various other matters of general interest, are also introduced, and appropriate information and counsel respecting all are given. The value of such a *Manual* cannot easily be overrated. It is published at one shilling, and every reformer should have it within reach, as he will frequently need just such information as it communicates.

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*Daily Bible Illustrations.* Being Original Readings for a Year, on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. Especially designed for the Family Circle. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Evening Series. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Sons.

WE have frequently had occasion to speak of the work of which this volume forms the completion. It is amongst the most useful of Dr. Kitto's numerous publications. Indeed, we question whether it will not be more widely circulated than any other, and be more lastingly, though not perhaps so obviously, beneficial. The present volume is devoted to 'The Apostles and Early Church,' and is adapted to the closing three months of the year,—the plan of the work being to supply a chapter for each evening of that period. 'The historical intimations,' says Dr. Kitto, 'contained in the Epistles, have been carefully gathered up, and interwoven with the leading matter from the Acts of the Apostles. The conclusions exhibited are founded on a critical reading of the sacred text,—the special results of which are, whenever necessary, or when peculiarly interesting, explained; but are more frequently embodied in the statement or recital, without remark.' We congratulate Dr. Kitto on the completion of an undertaking which is so admirably suited 'to promote the knowledge of God's Word, by rendering the *apprehensive* study of its contents a labor of love to many.'

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*The Case of the Manchester Educationists.* Part II. A Review of the Evidence taken before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in relation to a Scheme of Secular Education. By John Hinton, M.A. 8vo. pp. 99. London: John Snow.

MR. HINTON truly remarks that 'Parliamentary Blue Books are rather like graves in which the most precious things may be buried, than mines out of which people at large will take the trouble to dig them.' He has, therefore, rendered a very acceptable service in preparing this analysis, which affords a ready means, to all who are interested in such matters, to ascertain the views, and test the reasonings, of the advocates of a *secular* system of education. His *review* is full, searching, and most able. It brings out in distinct relief the conflicting opinions of some of the chief witnesses of last session; and exhibits, with admirable force and completeness, the superior advantages of what is popularly termed 'Voluntary Education.' Could our representatives be induced to master the facts of this question, we should be spared the miserable exhibitions of ignorance and superficial philanthropy which are now frequently visible in St. Stephen's. We thank Mr. Hinton for his painstaking, and cordially recommend the extensive circulation of his pamphlet. Taken in connexion with his analysis of the Evidence of a former session, it is better adapted than any other publication with which we are acquainted, to show the present condition of the educational controversy, the views of different parties, and the simplicity, expansiveness, and capability of the voluntary system.

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*The Despot of Eastern Europe.* By the Author of 'The Revelations of Russia.' Third Edition. Three Vols. 12mo. London: T. C. Newby. 1854

A NEW edition of this eloquent description of the state and literature of sixty to seventy millions of men, subject to the Emperor of Russia; and of the political condition of thirty millions more of kindred races under Austria, Prussia, and the Porte, now threatened with a fearful war, comes out opportunely at a great crisis. It will help to settle widely divergent opinions. The author insists that the Turkish government is more favourable to its Christian subjects than the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian governments are to theirs. This judgment establishes a capital point in the present crisis, that civilization will not gain by the overthrow of the Sultan, as planned for a century and a half by the Emperors of Russia. Reserving the elaborate developement of this point to an early opportunity, we turn to another side of the vast picture so well drawn in this work—namely, to the political state of the Finns, whose country Russia seized in what was ludicrously called the *settlement* of Europe forty years ago. The author gives a clear view of the weakness of the Czar on that side, and our Baltic fleet will soon put that weakness to the test. The Emperor of Russia has broken faith with the people of Finland exactly as the German governments madly refused their promised

constitutions to the millions who, in 1813, nobly helped to save them from Napoleon: and the misruled Finns and mortified Swedes are ready to second an attack upon the Russians. 'Whatever may be the political condition of Sweden, no government could resist the popular movement, which would compel it to join with England, and invade Finland, if, in the event of war between Russia and England, the prospect of recovering that principality were held out to the Swedes.'

So much for the disposition of the Swedes. Then, as to the Finns themselves, they have been outraged by violent measures to *Russianize* them, and to substitute a corrupt and arbitrary system of administration in the place of the equitable government that existed when Finland was a Swedish province. The point of invasion is shown to be *Cronstadt*, built on a Finnish island; and, though fortified with care, incapable of resisting the means of attack at our command. Cronstadt is the only defence of St. Petersburg, which capital will be at our mercy after we have occupied Finland. But, be it remembered, Cronstadt is said by Lord Londonderry in his 'Northern Travels' to be impregnable.

The author's survey of the dangers that threaten Russia upon all her vast frontiers is justified by the present conjuncture of affairs; and his anticipation of a union of France and England in a war against that aggressive power is singularly sagacious.

These volumes display the oppressed condition of all the Slavonian races under Austria, Prussia, and Turkey, too, as well as of those under Russia. He even predicts the early overthrow of these despotisms 'before the mere volition of Western Europe,' and they are fatally menaced 'on the side of France by an avalanche of eager bayonets. . . . Another ten years,' he added, in the edition of this work of 1846, 'will not pass without the outbreak of that political tempest of which the elements in Eastern Europe, arrested by despotism, are accumulating like dammed-up waters, to burst through all bounds.'—Vol. iii. pp. 342, 349.

And it is upon this volcano of social discontent that the Emperor of Russia has cast the fresh materials of mischief, religious bigotry, and ruthless ambition.

*The Legendary and Poetical Remains of John Roby, Author of 'Traditions of Lancashire.'* With a Sketch of his Literary Life and Character. By his Widow. pp. 376. London: Longman and Co.

MR. ROBY belonged to the small class of English gentlemen who have connected the exact business habits of a banker with the agreeable pursuits of art, science, and literature. Endowed with a mind of rare vivacity and versatility, his talents had the advantage of early development and diversified practice, in the midst of much domestic happiness, and surrounded by admiring friends, for whom his instructive and playful conversational powers had more than common charms. Our personal recollections supply many confirmations of the 'Sketch,' in which Mrs Roby has reviewed his literary life. Whatever he did he

did with ease, and there were few things that he could not do. As an accountant he was pronounced by competent judges to be unequalled, yet he was passionately fond of the supernatural. His skill in music, his facility of versification, his extraordinary love of system and punctuality, his love of nature, his command of the pencil, his quick observation of character and manners, his engaging cheerfulness, and in later years his humble christian piety are modestly portrayed by his affectionate biographer. The loss of the Orion steamer on the west coast of Scotland, near Port Patrick, on the 8th of June, 1850, is described. Mrs. Roby and his daughter were among those who escaped, but the husband and father was seen no more.

The 'Remains' in this volume consist of an original piece of sacred music; nearly seventy 'Lyrics;' 'The Duke of Mantua,' a tragedy; and three 'Legends.' They exhibit great variety of poetical fancy, feeling, and art. The tragedy is a very rich and powerful production. We commend the entire volume to our readers as one of unusual interest.

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### Review of the Month.

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PARLIAMENT WAS OPENED BY THE QUEEN IN PERSON ON THE 31ST OF JANUARY, and the *Speech* of her Majesty on the occasion has been received, so far as we can judge, with more than usual satisfaction. The composition of the Ministry, and the partial revelations supplied by the resignation of Lord Palmerston, had led men to regard with more than ordinary curiosity this piece of state ceremonial. It is simple justice to say that enemies are disappointed, and true friends gratified, by the announcements made. We should have been gratified by a more decided expression of opinion on the Eastern question. This would have consisted with dignity and self-respect quite as much as the very guarded phraseology employed. However, we are willing to make all due allowance for the difficulties of their position, and taking into account the views subsequently broached in both Houses by Ministers, are ready to give an acquittal for whatever has been erroneous in the past, if their future course be unequivocal and vigorous. It may be wise to go to the extreme of moderation in preliminary measures—Lord Aberdeen's cabinet has evidently done so—but now that negotiation has failed, a bold and vigorous course of action is the only one suited to the occasion, or likely to bring the struggle to an early and successful termination. The other topics embraced in the Queen's Speech are full of promise. The coasting trade is to be opened 'to the ships of all friendly nations;'



the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are to be reformed; the system of admission into the Civil Service of the Country is to be improved; testamentary and matrimonial jurisdiction is to be transferred from the Ecclesiastical to the Civil Courts; the law of settlement to be amended; the House of Commons to be reformed; and 'more effectual precautions' are to be taken 'against the evils of bribery and of corrupt practices at elections.' Such are the topics commended by Her Majesty to the two Houses. The bill of fare is good; we wait to see how the dishes are served up. If the performance is equal to the promise, we are entering on a session which will be noted in parliamentary history. It were easy to specify other topics which we should like to have had embraced, but where so much is proffered it would be ungracious to complain. We are encouraged by the announcement promptly made by Mr. Hayter of the order in which the government purpose to submit their several measures to the House. Such an announcement wore an air of sincerity and earnestness; it betokened forethought and preparation; and was welcomed as a good augury of the business character of the session.

WE ARE NOT SURPRISED AT THE EFFORTS MADE IN BOTH HOUSES to deter ministers from the fulfilment of their promise respecting parliamentary reform. The attempt was made in the Lords on the 10th inst., by Earl Grey, and as matter of course, was supported by Lord Derby. The ground taken was the imminency of war, and the consequent necessity of united and vigorous action. The reply of the Premier was distinct and unequivocal. '*Her Majesty's Government have felt that their character is at stake, and depends on the introduction of that measure.*' We are glad that such a reply was elicited, and only regret that it was in answer to the son of the author of the Reform Bill of 1832. We do not suspect Earl Grey of abandoning the principles of Lord Howick; but regard his position as infelicitous, and as adding another to the many illustrations previously supplied, of the crotchety character of his lordship's mind. A similar attempt was made in the Commons by Lord Jocelyn, and was met in the same spirit by Lord John Russell. His lordship accordingly proceeded on the 13th to move for leave to bring in a bill 'further to amend the laws relating to the representation of the people.' The main features of this bill are the disfranchisement of nineteen boroughs returning twenty-nine members, the population of which is below 5000, and the number of electors less than 300; and the taking away one representative from thirty-three other boroughs where the population is less than 10,000, and the electors below 500. It is thus proposed to diminish the number of representatives by sixty-two, and, on the other hand, taking population as the basis of his arrangements, his lordship proposed to divide the West Riding of Yorkshire, containing nearly 800,000 inhabitants, and the southern division of Lancashire, with about 500,000, and to give to each of these divisions *three* representatives, and an additional one to thirty-eight other counties, the population of which exceeds 100,000. The number of county members will thus be increased forty-six. Eight towns having more than 100,000 inhabitants

are also to receive an additional member each, and the borough of Salford, with upwards of 80,000, at present returning one member, is to send two. Three towns, Birkenhead, Staleybridge, and Burnley, with a population exceeding 20,000, are to have one member each; Kensington and Chelsea are to constitute a borough, and return two members; the Inns of Court, two; and the London University, one.

The following is a summary of the manner in which it is proposed to distribute the 62 seats now to be cancelled, and the 4 seats—Sudbury and St. Albans—previously disfranchised:—

Counties, and divisions of counties . . . .	38
West Riding . . . . .	4
South Lancashire . . . . .	4
Three new boroughs, one each . . . . .	3
One new borough . . . . .	2
Nine boroughs, one each additional . . . .	9
Inns of Court . . . . .	2
London University . . . . .	1
Scotland . . . . .	3

The franchise is to be greatly extended. In counties, £10 householders are to have a vote, provided—except in the case of residence—the building on which their claim is founded be of the annual value of £5; and in boroughs a £6 rental, with two-and-a-half years residence, is to be a qualification. Several new classes of voters are to be created. A yearly salary of £100; dividends to the amount of £10 annually on Government, Bank, or East India Stock; the payment of 40s. a year income or assessed taxes; the being a graduate in any University within the United Kingdom; or a deposit of £50 in a Savings Bank for a period not less than three years, will each confer a right of voting. The payment of rates and taxes prior to voting is abandoned; freemen, with due regard to existing interests, are to cease; and the necessity of vacating seats on the acceptance of office is to be annulled. Another provision of the measure, which is perfectly novel, is the representation of minorities. In those places, whether counties or boroughs, which return three members, it is proposed ‘that, in giving their votes, the electors shall vote as they do at present, only for two candidates out of the three, so that when the minority exceeds two-fifths of the whole number of electors, they will be enabled to have one representative out of the three who are to be returned.’

Such are the provisions of the measure introduced by Ministers, and we are free to confess that it exceeds our expectations. We could readily take exception to some of them, and are sorry that others—the ballot, for instance—are not included; but looking at the measure as a whole, we hail its appearance with unfeigned satisfaction, and trust that nothing will be done by liberal members to endanger it. Let the utmost efforts be made to improve its details, but better take the Bill as it is than endanger its success by too pertinacious an opposition to some of its provisions. The representation of minorities is an involved as well as a novel scheme; the large increase of county

members is seriously objectionable, but will be greatly modified by the reduction of the franchise from £50 to £10; the term of residence in a borough, not *house*, is much too long; and the exemption of members from the necessity of vacating their seats on the acceptance of office, though convenient to statesmen, is adverse to popular influence. To these and some other features of the measure strong objections may be urged; yet we are glad to find that, at a meeting of about fifty liberal members held on the 21st, 'it was unanimously resolved, *after a discussion of three hours*, to support the second reading of the bill.' Various and very strong opinions were expressed respecting some of its clauses; but the conclusion was favourable to unanimity, and so far strengthens our hope that the measure will pass.

The Bill has been read a first time, and the second reading is fixed for the 13th of March.

WHEN THE NAVIGATION ACT WAS REPEALED ABOUT FIVE YEARS SINCE, our coasting trade was exempted from the operation of the new system. The measure originally included the *coasting* as well as the *foreign* trade, but on the representation of the authorities of the Custom House, Ministers excluded the former from their bill. Subsequent experience has convinced them of the groundlessness of the fears expressed, and the beneficial working of the measure has led the present government to bring in a bill extending its principle 'to the removal of the last legislative restriction upon the use of foreign ships.' This was done on the 3rd by Mr. Cardwell, in a speech which clearly established the salutary operation of free-trade in shipping, and placed beyond reasonable question the expediency of carrying out a principle so auspiciously commenced. We take the measure as an earnest of the good faith in which Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet are prepared to redeem their pledges, and do not anticipate much difficulty in its passage through Parliament. With this measure the President of the Board of Trade coupled another, having for its object a consolidation and amendment of the various laws passed, since the Navigation Act, for the benefit of British shipping. Taken in conjunction, the two measures cannot fail to operate most usefully in raising the character of our seamen, contributing to their comfort, diminishing the danger of their vocation, and in meeting the requirements of an ever-extending commerce.

THE ADMISSION OF JEWS TO PARLIAMENT has been matter of discussion for some years past. Session after session a bill has been introduced into the Lower House in order to legalize it, but the party spirit of many, and the personal hostility of a few, have hitherto insured its rejection. The same object is now sought in another mode, and by a more comprehensive measure. This is as it should be. We rejoice in the step, and await the result with anxiety, yet not without hope. On the 6th, Lord John Russell moved that the House should go into Committee with a view of considering 'the oaths at present administered to members of parliament on taking their seats, and also to persons taking office.' The oath of allegiance his lordship correctly described as 'plain and intelligible,' but those of supremacy and abjuration were meet dangers not now existing, and are, consequently, worse



than useless. He also proposed to omit the Roman-catholic oath imposed by the 10th George IV., chap. 7, and the words 'on the true faith of a Christian,' which have prevented Baron Rothschild and Mr. Alderman Salomons from taking their seats. In lieu of these oaths his lordship proposed the following, the terms of which are as intelligible as their import is free from reasonable objection:—'I, A. B., do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and will defend her to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever which may be made against her person, crown, and dignity, and that I will do my utmost to endeavour to disclose and make known to her Majesty and her successors all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against her and them; and I do faithfully promise to maintain, support, and defend to the utmost of my power the succession to the Crown, which succession is established by an act intituled "An Act for the further regulation of the Crown, and the better security of the rights and privileges of the subject," as it stands limited to the heirs of the Princess Sophia; and I do hereby abjure allegiance to any other person claiming a right to the Crown; and I do declare that no foreign prince or potentate hath or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction, directly or indirectly, in this kingdom. So help me God.'

At the conclusion of his speech, Lord Russell clearly intimated that, if his proposition was rejected, 'it may hereafter be a question for the House whether it should not prefer the course taken in the case of Mr. Pease to that which has since been taken with respect to gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion.' We are glad that his lordship is prepared fairly to look at such an alternative: it will go far to determine several votes. Sir F. Thesiger opposed the measure, and announced that he should divide against it on the second reading, as he 'believed it would be of a most mischievous character.'

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE 10th OBTAINED LEAVE TO BRING IN TWO BILLS, one 'to consolidate and amend the laws relating to bribery, treating, and undue influence at elections of members of parliament;' and the other, 'to amend the law for the trial of election petitions, and for inquiry into the existence of corrupt practices at elections of members to serve in parliament.' We cannot do more, for want of space, than briefly indicate some of the leading provisions of these measures. The pecuniary penalties attaching to bribery are so high as to operate in the way of preventing convictions. 'The attempt,' said his lordship, 'to inflict a fine of £500 upon a poor voter, who perhaps receives 5s. for his vote would be utterly impracticable, and that no object is gained by maintaining these penalties.' It is therefore proposed by the ministerial measure, that bribery be still subject to punishment, by fine and imprisonment, as a misdemeanor, but that high pecuniary penalties be not maintained. All persons guilty of bribery are to be 'for ever incapable of being elected members of parliament;' those guilty of treating, of exercising undue influence, or of making illegal payments, are to be disqualified for voting 'for the same place and during the same parliament;' and electors receiving bribes are to be struck out of the register of voters, and their names to form a

separate list, to 'be printed and publicly affixed in the same manner as those in the register of votes, so that they might for ever after appear as disqualified.'

The main features of the other measure proposed by his lordship are that all petitions alleging bribery, &c., be referred to a preliminary committee of fifteen members, 'which should be in the nature of a grand jury.' If they report that there is sufficient ground to proceed, an election committee is to be appointed in the usual manner. This committee is to investigate the case, and if satisfied that the petitioner has proceeded on probable grounds, costs are to be defrayed out of the public exchequer; otherwise he is to pay the expenses of the member whose seat he has assailed. When a successful candidate is proved to have been elected by bribery, his opponent, if he has obtained two-thirds as many votes, is to be declared elected; where the general prevalence of bribery is shown, the Crown is to be empowered to issue a commission, and—to ensure uniformity in the decisions of election committees—to appoint barristers of ten years standing as assessors. Further, on any person being convicted of bribery by an election committee, the Attorney-General, at the instance of the Speaker, is to prosecute without other formality being required. Such are the main features of these measures, and they constitute undoubtedly a great improvement on the existing state of things. Like most, however, of the measures proposed, they fail in some important respects. Though we do not regard the *ballot* as a *panacea*, we are satisfied that it is absolutely needful to an eradication of this evil. It may not suffice, by itself; but without it no other means will be effectual. Neither do we think the evil will be corrected while the House retains in its own hands the cognizance of such cases. Let the charge of bribery, like other charges, be preferred before the ordinary tribunals of the kingdom, and a more effectual check will be imposed than by all the complicated machinery which parliament can devise.

We shall not dwell on Sir Fitzroy Kelly's measure submitted to the House on the 16th, as we can scarcely regard it in a serious light, and it wears no one aspect of practical efficiency. As the 'Nonconformist' observes, 'The thing is about as feasible as confining an offensive smell by means of garden-netting.'

A BILL FOR ABOLISHING THE TESTAMENTARY JURISDICTION OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS, AND TRANSFERRING IT TO THE COURT OF CHANCERY, has been read a first time in the House of Lords, on the motion of the Lord Chancellor, and with the marked approval of the Law Lords generally. When Lord Brougham brought forward his measure in 1833, the state of the Court of Chancery was such as to make the transfer now thought so satisfactory a proposal simply inadmissible. And the mere transfer is even now perhaps the least of the advantages of Lord Cranworth's bill. There are but few questions which can arise upon a testamentary document. Is it really what it purports to be? Is it valid? What does it mean? What property does it affect? To decide these questions we have employed the Court of Chancery, the Supreme Courts at Westminster, the Courts at Doctor's Commons, and 386 courts dependent upon the last, which

are scattered throughout the country. Not one of all these jurisdictions is competent to entertain more than one, or perhaps two, of the above questions, or it is only competent to entertain one of them in certain cases. It is obvious that nothing can be done to any purpose until the *actuality* of the will is settled. This rests sometimes with one or more of the 386 local courts, and sometimes with one of the higher courts at Doctors' Commons. The test is usually the locality of different portions of the property; and, as the legal locality is not generally the place of physical position (we are picking our words as carefully as we can), and as the executors constantly discover the existence of property affecting the jurisdiction *after* the decision has been obtained, probates have to be recalled, and proceedings upon them elsewhere to be rescinded; wills get lost; and property gets spent. If the testator has landed property as well as personalty, the result of the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts settles nothing as to the land: and, though it hardly ever happens that the decisions are contradictory, the necessity of a double procedure to carry out the same clause of the same will is itself an enormous grievance. We say, therefore, that the mere transfer of jurisdiction is as nothing compared to its consolidation. This is now to be effected. The Court of Chancery is to have complete jurisdiction over every question arising out of a will—*ab ovo usque ad mala*. Most earnestly do we trust that nothing will be suffered to defeat or delay the measure.

NOT AMONG THE LEAST MEMORABLE OCCURRENCES OF THE MONTH is the rejection by the House of Commons of the MANCHESTER AND SALFORD EDUCATION BILL. For the third time, and certainly with a laudable perseverance, has this bill been introduced into parliament. In 1852, its introduction gave rise to the appointment of a select committee, a view of the result of whose unfinished labours was given in the 'Eclectic Review' for February, 1853. Last year its progress was obstructed by the introduction of the government measure; but at length the sense of the House has been expressed upon it. Brought in as a private bill, the first which the House or the public heard of it was the announcement of the second reading, which was fixed for Tuesday, the 21st of February, and which gave rise to a debate of considerable length and importance. The second reading was moved by Mr. Adderley, and the motion was met by an amendment by Mr. Milner Gibson, to the effect that legislation on the subject of education by public rate ought not to be effected by a private bill; and this amendment, modified, in order to meet the feeling of the House, by the introduction of the words 'at the present time,' was, after nearly seven hours' debate, carried by a majority of 29, the numbers being 105 for, and 76 against it. We confess ourselves satisfied of the justice of this vote. Several members exclaimed against getting rid of a measure on an important subject by a sort of technical objection; but we agree fully with those who maintained that educational legislation involves great principles of public policy which ought first to be determined by the House itself, and after the fullest discussion, before any private bill whatever relating to it should be entertained. Mr. Walpole strongly denounced the system of a school-rate as a practical revival of



the church-rate, with more than the mischiefs of the church-rate, because without its prescriptive antiquity; and Mr. Wigram exposed with much force the proposal contained in the bill to legalize the violation of school trusts. Mr. Hume and Mr. Fox took occasion to advocate their favourite scheme of secular education, but they were effectively met by Lord John Russell and Mr. E. Ball, on the ground of the repulsiveness of such a system to English feeling, and its utter inadequacy to secure the objects for which education itself is desired. The educational voluntaries were represented in the debate by Mr. Peto and Mr. Miall; the former of whom gave a brief but compact and effective statement of the facts which exhibit the present aspect of the question; and the latter threw some rays of vivid light on the palpable darkness of the House as to the principles of the voluntary educationists themselves. We tender our thanks to both these gentlemen for their well-timed and efficient service; we believe also they were well sustained by the votes of those who hold similar opinions. On the whole, the debate was interesting, and we do not doubt it will be useful. We understand it is not likely that the promoters of the rejected bill will make any further parliamentary effort; and from the manner in which their scheme was noticed in the House, we should doubt whether the advocates of secular education will find much encouragement to bring forward theirs.

THE CALUMNIES AGAINST PRINCE ALBERT, admitting as they did of no suitable refutation during the recess, met with an ignominious extinction on the first night of the parliamentary session. These calumnies exhibit in an unprecedented degree the fickleness and unscrupulous licence of some portions of the British press. The 'Morning Advertiser' was the first to publish these rumours; and for weeks, if not months, they may be said to have constituted the staple material of their daily intelligence and animadversion. Awakened by the din, the 'Daily News,' and even the 'Morning Herald,' availed themselves of the same topic during the dearth of news which prevails in a parliamentary recess. No charge against His Royal Highness was too outrageous for publication. He had biased the Queen against the interests of this country, opened despatches, intrigued with our ministers at foreign courts, and surreptitiously conveyed information to foreign potentates. He had tampered with the Horse Guards, prejudiced her Majesty against certain of her advisers, and to crown the whole, was to be sent to the Tower for treason! This bubble, the blowing of which had occupied so long a time, and had attracted so much of public attention, especially among the lower classes, exploded in a single hour, on the 31st of January, leaving its authors covered alike with ridicule and shame. Although it was obviously inconsistent with the position of the prince consort to reply to anonymous writers in newspapers, yet her Majesty's ministers indicated a wise regard for popular feeling, however misled, in resolving to set it aside by one conclusive declaration. In that solemn averment, ministers present and past, and of all parties cordially concurred. It was held by the premier, that His Royal Highness being possessed of the confiding affection of her Majesty, could not but converse with her on all public

matters to which her attention was directed. It was maintained, that as a privy counsellor, this was part of his duty; but Lord Campbell's *dictum* on the constitutional law of the question, declared that he had this right, not merely as a privy counsellor, but as an *alter ego*. It was shown that this cognizance (for it has never been interference) of political and diplomatic business was earnestly recommended by Lord Melbourne, and heartily sanctioned by every subsequent minister. Indeed, the late Duke of Wellington (to our great surprise), urged that His Royal Highness should succeed him as Commander-in-chief. Yet notwithstanding all these incitements to an undue interference with political departments, cabinet ministers of all parties have testified to his wisdom, moderation, and reserve. The advice of so well informed and upright a man has frequently been requested and given; but it is demonstrated that not one letter has ever been written either to foreign courts, or to our representatives there, upon any political or international topic. That the husband of our Queen should receive his first intimations of her Majesty's deepest anxieties from the morning papers is simply absurd. That he has never made an improper use of the natural confidence of her Majesty is sufficiently evident. Meanwhile the peccant newspapers enjoy a happy immunity from flagellation,—the 'Morning Advertiser' from its inferiority of literary ability and political influence; the 'Morning Herald' because the Derby party disclaim any connexion with it; and the 'Daily News,' between the two stools, falls upon an easy cushion. Thus ends the melodrama of Prince Albert's treason.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON was publicly conferred on the 9th upon Mr. Layard, the celebrated discoverer of the Nineveh antiquities, and member for the borough of Aylesbury. While the corporation are undergoing the ordeal of a royal commission, and while, for the second time within two years, they are seeking in conformity with their chartered rights to supersede the functions of that commission, by assimilating their institutions to the requirements and the spirit of the present age, they have, we think, acted wisely in adding the name of Layard to that illustrious list, including Nelson and Wellington, Brougham, Denman, Peel, Russell, Napier, Grey, and Hardinge, on whom they have publicly conferred the honour of the municipal freedom. This occasion was rendered especially interesting by the singularly eloquent address of the chamberlain, Sir John Key, and by the manly and noble reply of the learned and enterprising man on whom this honour was conferred. Both have been published verbatim by the order of the corporation. We cannot refuse the tribute of our admiration to the remarkable ability and beauty of Sir John's address. As a mere piece of oratory, it is deserving the highest praise; while not only its bold and eloquent advocacy of the principles of civil and religious freedom, but also the graceful and reverential homage which it pays throughout to the accumulating evidence which modern science and discovery are bearing to the truth and authenticity of the Scriptures, invest his oration with a charm which rarely attaches to official speeches delivered in the routine of these occasions. These admirable sentiments were echoed, though with less rhetorical beauty, in

Mr. Layard's reply. The chief point in the latter was a eulogy on the liberality of the Sultan's administration. The learned gentleman stated that he had spent some years as a subject of that monarch. He testified to the benignity of his government, and the wisdom of his ministers, to which he mainly attributed his success in excavating the valuable remains of Nineveh, and making them the property of the British nation. To the same causes he ascribed a confident prospect that the Christian religion would ere long take a powerful position amidst the superstitions that now predominate in the territories of the Sultan. He concluded by contrasting the enlightenment and civilization of Turkey with the social condition of Russia, and by urging on the British people the most vigorous and determined opposition to the Czar in those lawless attempts which are now imperilling the peace of Europe.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DEPUTIES OF THE THREE DENOMINATIONS—Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist—was held at the Guildhall Tavern, London, on the 24th of January, when a report was presented detailing the proceedings of the body during the past year. Want of space prevents our referring to the various topics embraced, but it is obvious from the report, and from the interview subsequently held with Lord Palmerston, that the 'deputies' are alive to the importance of the present crisis, and are disposed earnestly to discharge its duties. The subjects adverted to by the deputation were 'Church Rates,' the 'Dissenters Marriage Act Amendment Bill,' and the 'Religious Worship Registration Bill;' and making due allowance for official reserve, the statements of his lordship were not only courteous in tone, but satisfactory in substance. Referring to church-rates, Lord Palmerston stated that it was the intention of her Majesty's government to introduce such a measure as they deemed practicable; that the subject was then before him; and that he would shortly communicate with the deputation respecting it.

We are glad to see this ancient body bestirring itself. It has rendered good service to dissenters in past times, and only needs to be kept abreast of the spirit of the day to command their continued and zealous co-operation. In common with many others, we have regretted its recent supineness. Perhaps we have been mistaken. Viewing it only at a distance, we may have been ignorant of many of its movements, and have rendered it, in consequence, less than justice. But we are not alone in the opinion that it has sometimes failed in promptitude and vigor, and has consequently been superseded in public confidence by other and younger associations. Now we have no objection to a conservative element in our movements. Let it by all means be mingled in fair proportion with more energetic forces, that our measures may be distinguished by steadiness and wisdom, as well as by activity and zeal. All that we object to is an exclusive conservatism. Not indeed that we believe such to have been the recent policy of the dissenting deputies; but there has been an apparent want of strong conviction and earnest action, which has enfeebled our measures and prevented vigorous action. We rejoice in the appearance of a better state of things. Incapable, from its constitution, of becoming, without radical change, a



representative of British dissent, the body of 'deputies' may yet, in all ordinary circumstances, greatly mould its character;—may foster its supineness, or stimulate its zeal.

The tory press is not unobservant of what is passing amongst us. For some time there has been a lull of misrepresentation. We have been indulged only with occasional sneers. The downright abuse of a former day has been exchanged for not less virulent insinuations. The same spirit of detraction is evidently rife, but its expression has been restrained by the improved temper of the age, and the uncertain position of political parties. Directions have probably been issued from head-quarters to refrain from the stereotyped slanders with which our youth was familiar, in the forlorn hope that neutrality, if not active service, might be secured in the event of a tory advent to power. The discretion maintained has, however, at length been discarded, and, strange to say, the object of tory misrepresentation and abuse, is a gentleman against whom the shafts of enmity are specially pointless. If there is one public man in the kingdom who unites, in a greater degree than any other, a large and generous temper with strong personal convictions, that man is the honorable member for Norwich. Whatever narrowmindedness and asperity may be suspected in the composition of other dissenters, Mr. Peto is confessedly free from such taint. His spirit is as catholic as his dissenterism is sound. He knows nothing of what many deem the hereditary prejudices of non-conformity. His wealth has been at the service of all good men, whatever their ecclesiastical views, and their plans have engaged both his sympathies and prayers.

Such is the man on whom the vials of tory wrath have lately been poured out, and the fact is most significant. We have now before us 'The Morning Post' of the 6th, and 'The Liverpool Mail' of the 11th inst., and we refer to them only as specimens of what may be expected from the fairness and candor of our opponents. Both these journals refer to the Annual Meeting of the Deputies, and it would be difficult to cull, even from the worst times, more reprehensible specimens of misrepresentation and calumny. 'The stars of the dissenting interests,' says the former, 'the Pellatts and the Petos, like the old sinner just mentioned (Falstaff), mix figures and facts in much about the same proportion, and gull the credulous chapelarians, whose champions they are, with theories which have no truth, and prospects which can never be realized while truth has any voice in the legislation of this country.' The tone of the meeting is said to have been 'one of complacent self-esteem and cool impudence,' and the chairman, Mr. Peto—here reader is the *gravamen* of the offence—maintained, we are informed, 'the right of nonconformists to deal with church property, which he considered as national property, and that it as much belonged to him as to any other man in this country.' Mr. Peto's meaning was sufficiently obvious. It was known to the writer of the 'Morning Post;' yet by a most discreditable perversion, he represents it as confounding things essentially distinct, and seeks to strengthen the prejudice thus awakened by a piece of scurrilous witticism of which the merest tyro should be ashamed.

We need not go far to explain Mr. Peto's meaning. It was precisely identical with that of Sir James Mackintosh, who tells us 'That the lands of the Church possess not the most simple and indispensable requisites of property. They are not even pretended to be held for the benefit of those who enjoy them.' That any member of the Church of England should question this fact is indicative either of marvellous ignorance or of equal hardihood. Roman Catholics may do so with a better grace; but the whole title of the Protestant hierarchy is parliamentary. Its revenues were received from the State, which has exercised, again and again, the same right of control as enriched protestantism at the expense of popery in the days of Henry and Elizabeth. If Church property is not national, and, as such, *to be used for the benefit of the nation*, then the Church of England has no right or title to it whatever.

The 'Liverpool Mail' improves on its London contemporary, in a leader, which repeats, with a still larger infusion of bitterness and misrepresentation, the calumnies of the latter. The tone of the article may be gathered from the following, which can be designated only by a term that gentlemen shrink from using:—'*Mr. Peto, the knight-errant of their chivalry, does not hesitate to declare boldly and openly that he has abandoned the voluntary principle. Indeed he lectures Mr. Baines, the great apostle of the voluntaries, as being sadly behind the age, and as clinging to antiquated and exploded absurdities.*' This is bad enough. It is simply untrue, as every well-informed man knows, and our wonder is that any journalist would venture on so reckless a statement. But there is another passage, whose flagrant untruthfulness enwraps so gross a libel that we cannot acquit the writer of intentional misrepresentation. If there is one point on which the views of all classes of dissenters have been more clearly and repeatedly expressed than any other, it is that *in no case, and under no circumstance*, would they receive the least fraction of what is termed Church property. In every possible variety of phrase they have affirmed this, and there is nothing in their procedure to involve this denial in doubt. Yet the 'Liverpool Mail,' speaking of dissenters, coolly affirms that '*The Church property is to be voted the property of the State, and each denomination is to participate therein according to their relative numerical positions. This is their great political game—robbing the Church to endow sects.*' It were futile to reason with such an opponent. It is clear that logic has nothing to do with his conclusions, and we have no disposition to contend with bad faith, or envenomed feeling. We turn away from the spectacle of such miserable partisanship, and hope the time will yet come when truth and justice will be deemed primary elements of religious controversy. It will be no matter of surprise to our readers that so gross a misrepresentation of our views should be closed by an equally inaccurate version of the strength of the Church. '*We have no doubt,*' says this veracious and well-informed journal, '*that four-fifths of the whole population of England and Wales are members of the Church of England: in other words, the Establishment is still the Church of the Nation.*' What will the Registrar-General say to this?

THE EASTERN QUESTION HAS ADVANCED, though not in the direc-

tion we could wish, during the past month. The Czar has declined the terms proposed by the four mediating powers, his ambassadors have left London and Paris, and the representatives of France and England have, in consequence, been re-called from St. Petersburg. Our Foreign Secretary, in scarcely adequate terms, represents us as 'drifting towards war,' while in the Lower House the language of Lords Russell and Palmerston is far more decided, and, as it appears to us, better suited to the occasion. The political opponents of the Ministry, while professing much moderation, have sought to damage its character by reflecting on the manner in which its negotiations have been conducted. We are not surprised at this. Our only regret is that some grounds have been furnished for their criminatory charges by the credulity and want of resolution which have been displayed. Had the earlier movements of the Czar been met by an explicit avowal of British feeling, we do not believe that the Pruth would have been passed. We are fully alive to the fact stated by Lord Palmerston, and admit its force, that, after all, this 'is but an opinion,' and had it turned out groundless,—'had Russia,' as his lordship remarked, 'instead of submission, urged us on to the point at which we now stand, we should have been justly chargeable with a grave political mistake.' We admit all this, yet we are still of opinion that, from the best motives, the policy of the Cabinet has contributed to war rather than to peace. They sought to avert the evil by negotiations which their opponent misinterpreted. He deemed them proofs of weakness and irresolution, and replied, therefore, to all our overtures, in the tone of a haughty and insulting dictatorship. One thing is evident, and we are glad that it has been distinctly enunciated,—throughout her communications with this country, Russia has acted with systematic bad faith.

Our reading has not supplied us with a parallel charge to that which Lord Palmerston advanced against a power with whom war is not yet proclaimed.—'When Count Nesselrode asserted, at a later period,' said his lordship, on the 20th, 'that our government had known from the outset what were the whole demands of Russia upon Turkey, he asserted that—I am bound to say it—which was utterly at variance with the fact. It is painful to speak of a government like Russia in terms of censure or reprobation, but I am bound to say, on behalf of the English government, that the Russian government, by itself and its agents, has, throughout these transactions, exhausted every modification of untruth, concealment, and evasion, and ended with assertions of positive falsehood.' The language of Lord John Russell was equally distinct. 'The whole of her conduct,' said his lordship, speaking of Russia, 'was no doubt a deception. There were concealment and deception on the part of Russia towards the government of this country.' There is no mistaking this language. Before it could be uttered by cabinet ministers, all hope of a peaceful settlement must have been abandoned. As a last effort, doubtful perhaps, in form, though well meant, the Emperor of the French addressed a letter to the Czar, the reply to which, we are informed by the French official journal, 'destroys all chance of a pacific solution.' French and British troops have been



consequently despatched to the aid of Turkey, and a powerful fleet is being formed for operations in the Baltic. The formality of a declaration of war must speedily follow. France and England have exchanged notes 'promising to co-operate in giving assistance to Turkey, and declaring on the part of both powers that no selfish interests, and no increase of territory or power is sought for.' A treaty with Turkey is also about to be proposed, of the acceptance of which Lord Russell speaks most confidently, by which she will bind herself not to make peace with Russia, 'while we are giving our aid and assistance, without our consent and concurrence.'

In the mean time many are asking what are the intentions of Austria and Prussia. Lord Russell distinctly admitted, on the 17th, that 'they are not bound to us to resist in any manner the acts of aggression on the part of Russia;' yet expressed his conviction that these acts had 'at length aroused both in Austria and Prussia a sense that they must consider the welfare of Europe before consulting the will of the Emperor of Russia.' That these powers, and especially the former, have a deep interest at stake cannot be doubted. But is Austria in a position to take an independent part? Are not her obligations to Russia too recent and too weighty to permit her having any other rule than the will of the Czar? As to the reported failure of Count Orloff's mission to Vienna we have our doubts, and the same feeling attaches to the hopes expressed by Lord Russell. Is not her concurrence thus far purchased by an engagement, forced on the Sultan by England, to arrest and retain in captivity at Kutayah the ex-governor of Hungary and his immediate friends, should they present themselves at Constantinople? Such a report is abroad, and we fear there is some truth in it. To whatever extent this may be it indicates the policy of Austria. While peace is maintained she is willing, with such a proviso, to act with the western powers: but let hostilities be commenced, and we have no faith in her help. Sooner or later she will be arrayed with Russia, and then will come the time for Hungary and Italy. We have no fear for the result, however we may deplore the contest. England has too frequently been arrayed on the side of continental despotism; she is now happily engaged in a better cause. The Emperor Nicholas is 'the wanton disturber' of the peace of Europe, 'and it is for mankind,' said Lord Russell, with unusual warmth, 'to throw upon the head of that disturber the consequences which he has so flagrantly, and I believe, so imprudently evoked,' 'May God defend the right,' was the closing language of his lordship; and will be the fervent, daily prayer, of every Christian Englishman.

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